



No. 68 A NEW THRILLER WITH
"THE SHINING KNIGHT"



IND

STARMAN

Adventure COMICS

NOV.

10¢



ANOTHER MESSAGE TO OUR READERS

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FLASH COMICS
SUPERMAN
BATMAN
ALL-STAR COMICS
ALL FLASH QUARTERLY
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS
GREEN LANTERN

WHEN we announced the formation of our Editorial Advisory Board in all our publications last month, we really did not expect such a wonderful reaction. We are receiving letters every day from every state in the union, from people in every walk of life, complimenting us on our selection and thanking us for our efforts in providing the boys and girls of America with clean, wholesome, comic entertainment.

It makes us very happy, indeed, to see that the majority of these letters are written and sent to us by the parents of our readers and our Editorial Advisory Board joins us in expressing our appreciation.

We welcome, at all times, letters from our readers as well as their parents and we hope that many more of you will write us.

This month we take great pleasure in introducing two more members of our Editorial Advisory Board.

Dr. William Moulton Marston, the well-known consulting psychologist, received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy of Harvard University. He has been a lecturer in psychology at the Universities of Columbia, New York and Southern California, and director of the Psychological Clinic at Tufts College. He is a frequent contributor to such outstanding magazines as *Cosmopolitan*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Nation's Home Journal* and *Readers' Digest*.

Our other new member of the Editorial Advisory Board is **Dr. W. W. Sones**, Professor of Education and Director of Curriculum Study at the University of Pittsburgh. Dr. Sones is also a consultant of the Pennsylvania State Department of Education and the Carnegie Foundation for Teachers.

Sincerely,

The Publisher



THIS TRADEMARK IS
YOUR GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST IN
COMIC READING

P.S. Miss Josette Frank of the Child Study Association recently made a radio address on station WABC and the Columbia Network on the subject "CHILDREN'S COMICS". A copy of this address will be sent without charge to the readers or parents requesting it.

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STARMAN

by JACK
BURNLEY



WHEN ANGRY SCARLET
FLAMES TRANSFORM THE
FOREST'S GREEN KINGDOM
INTO A BLAZING HOLOCAUST,
THE MAN OF NIGHT DEFIES
THE ELEMENTS AND
QUENCHES THE FIERY
MENACE WITH WHIRLWIND
TACTICS!

THE BLAZE OF DOOM! ---
STARMAN, PROTECTED BY THE RAYS
OF THE GRAVITY ROD, FIGHTS
HIS WAY THRU A RAGING FOREST
FIRE THAT THREATENS TO DESTROY
AMERICA'S SUPPLY OF TIMBER!



GALLANT MEMBERS OF THE U.S. FOREST RANGERS
FIND THEMSELVES TRAPPED IN A FIERY INFERNO!



GO BACK!
WE CAN'T GET
THRU THIS
WAY!

WE'RE
TRAPPED!
THE FLAMES
HAVE
ENCIRCLED
US!



UNEXPECTED HELP
COMES FROM ABOVE!
--STARMAN SWOOPS
DOWN TO RESCUE
THE TRAPPED MEN!

NOT A
MINUTE
TO LOSE--
THOSE
FLAMES
ARE
SPREAD-
ING
FAST!

A MAN--
DROPPING
OUT OF
THE SKY!



NO TIME FOR
EXPLANATIONS--
I'VE GOT TO GET
YOU AND YOUR
COMPANIONS
OUT OF THIS
BLAZING
FOREST!

W-WHO
ARE
YOU?



ONE BY ONE, HE CARRIES
THE MEN TO A CLEARING,
SAFELY AWAY FROM
THE RAGING FIRE--

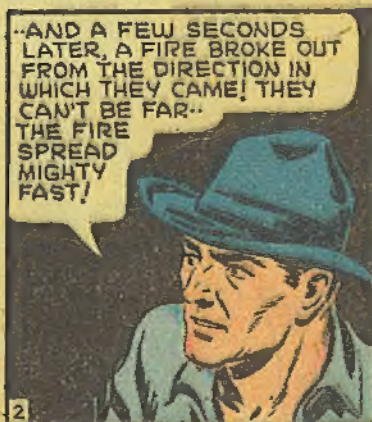
I'LL BE
BACK IN A
JIFFY WITH
THE OTHER
RANGERS!

YOU'RE
GOING
BACK
INTO
THAT
FIRE?



AFTER ALL THE MEN ARE BROUGHT TO SAFETY--
ANY IDEA HOW
THIS BLAZE
BEGAN?

WE WERE HAULING LOGS
FOR ONE OF THE NEW ARMY
CANTONMENTS WHEN A
SEDAN CARRYING A COUPLE
OF TOUGH LOOKING YEGGS
WENT PAST!



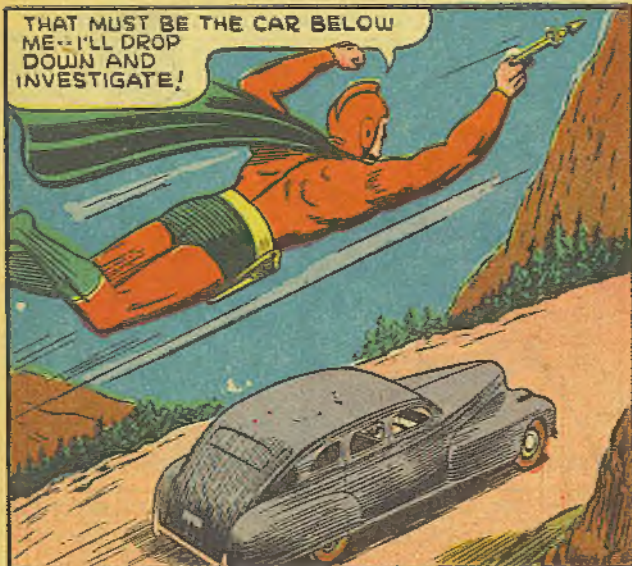
--AND A FEW SECONDS
LATER, A FIRE BROKE OUT
FROM THE DIRECTION IN
WHICH THEY CAME! THEY
CAN'T BE FAR--
THE FIRE
SPREAD
MIGHTY
FAST!



THAT'S ENOUGH OF A CLUE
FOR ME! I'LL TAKE UP THEIR
TRAIL AT ONCE!

THE
MAN OF
NIGHT
AGAIN
TAKES
TO THE
AIR--
BORNE
UP BY
THE
GRAVITY-
DEFYING
POWER OF
THE
ROD!

THANKS--
AND GOOD
LUCK!

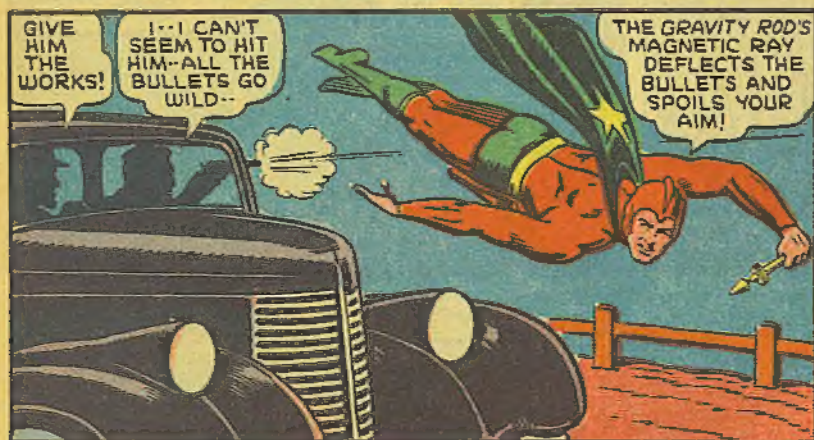


THAT MUST BE THE CAR BELOW ME--I'LL DROP DOWN AND INVESTIGATE!



STOP THE CAR, BOYS! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK!

HEY! WHO--WHAT?



GIVE HIM THE WORKS!

I--I CAN'T SEEM TO HIT HIM--ALL THE BULLETS GO WILD--

THE GRAVITY ROD'S MAGNETIC RAY DEFLECTS THE BULLETS AND SPOILS YOUR AIM!



THE CAR'S OUT OF CONTROL! WE'RE GOING OVER THE CLIFF!

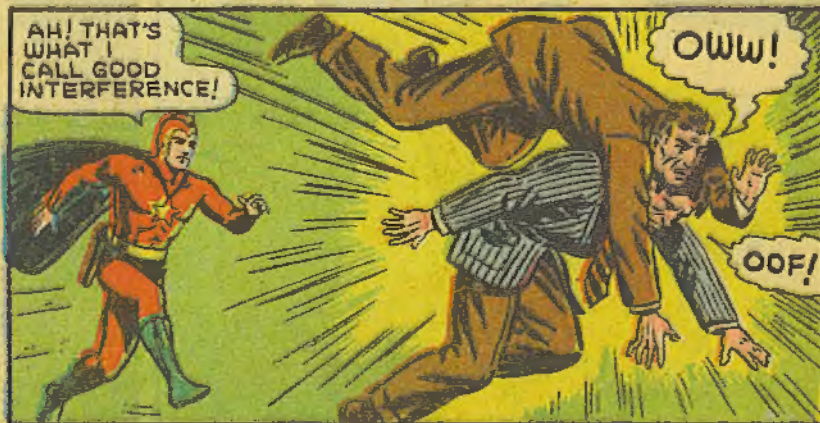


HELP! WE'LL BE KILLED! YAAAGH!



THE POWERFUL MAGNETISM OF THE ROD HALTS THE CAR'S DOWNWARD PLUNGE!

JUST IN TIME! IT'S LUCKY FOR THEM THAT MY INVENTION OVERCOMES THE LAW OF GRAVITY!





I'M NOT HIGH-HAT, GENTLEMEN! I'LL STILL TALK TO YOU --THAT IS, IF YOU WANT TO TALK TO ME!

WE'LL TALK! OH-H-- MY HEAD!

W-WHAT HIT ME?



THE SUBJECT OF OUR LITTLE DISCUSSION IS "FOREST FIRES". YOU STARTED ONE, DIDN'T YOU?

YEAH, WE DID! WE GOT ORDERS FROM A GUY NAMED CLASSY, AT THE LUMBER PEAK CAMP!



I'M ON MY WAY TO LUMBER PEAK-- AND THAT'S A COINCIDENCE, BECAUSE I JUST CAME FROM THERE!

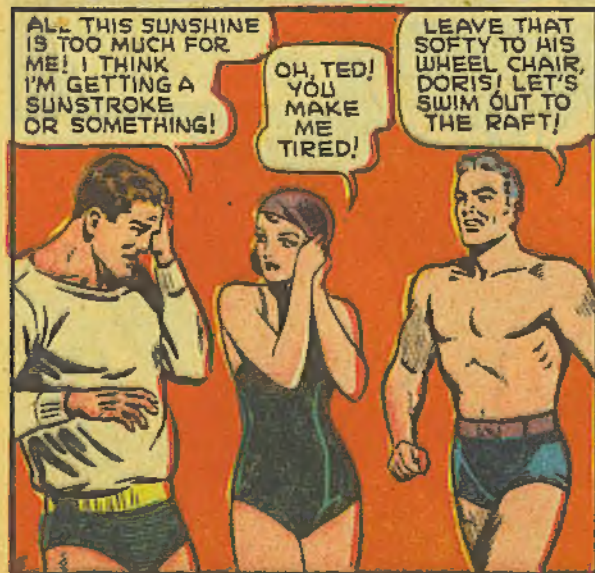
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOIN'?



FLASHBACK! A FEW HOURS BEFORE, AT LUMBER PEAK HOTEL, TED KNIGHT AND DORIS LEE ARE BASKING IN THE SUNSHINE--

I'D RATHER NOT GO SWIMMING, DORIS--THE WATER'S TOO COLD--BESIDES I MIGHT GET A CRAMP AND DROWN!

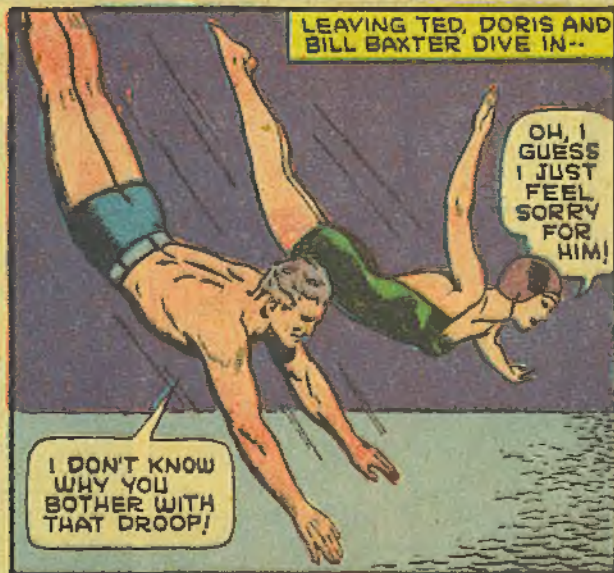
WELL, I'M GOING TO TAKE A SWIM WITH BILL BAXTER!



ALL THIS SUNSHINE IS TOO MUCH FOR ME! I THINK I'M GETTING A SUNSTROKE OR SOMETHING!

OH, TED! YOU MAKE ME TIRED!

LEAVE THAT SOFTY TO HIS WHEEL CHAIR, DORIS! LET'S SWIM OUT TO THE RAFT!



LEAVING TED, DORIS AND BILL BAXTER DIVE IN--

OH, I GUESS I JUST FEEL SORRY FOR HIM!

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU BOTHER WITH THAT DROOP!

ALONE ON THE WHARF
TED PULLS A SHINING
METAL CYLINDER FROM
AN INNER POCKET--

THE GRAVITY ROD
IS VIBRATING!
THAT'S A SIGNAL
FROM G-MAN
WOODLEY
ALLEN!

THAT COCKY FELLOW BILL
BAXTER ANNOYS ME! I
HATE TO LEAVE DORIS WITH
HIM, BUT DUTY CALLS!
I MUST GET INTO MY
STARMAN SUIT AND KEEP
THAT APPOINTMENT
WITH CHIEF
ALLEN!

A FEW MINUTES
LATER, AT A LONELY
MOUNTAIN CABIN--

WHAT'S
UP
ALLEN?

MYSTERIOUS
FOREST
FIRES!
THERE'S NO
TIME TO
LOSE!

F.B.I. ACE WOODLEY ALLEN
TELLS STARMAN OF THE CRISIS!

THE LUMBER CAMPS OF
THE NORTH WOODS ARE
FIGHTING A BLAZE
THAT MAY DO MILLIONS
OF DOLLARS WORTH
OF DAMAGE-- MEN OF
THE FOREST PATROL
ARE TRAPPED
THERE
AND
WE
CAN'T
LAND
A
PLANE!

I'LL DO
MY BEST
TO SAVE
THEM--

THEN--AFTER
THE TRAPPED
RANGERS ARE
RESCUED, THE
TRAIL THAT LED
AWAY FROM
LUMBER PEAK
LEADS BACK TO
IT, AS STARMAN
SEEKS TO SOLVE
THE FOREST
FIRE MYSTERY!

NOW TO
SEE IF
I CAN
LOCATE
THE MAN
THEY
CALLED
"CLASSY."

IN A TREE, HIGH
ABOVE THE LUMBER
PEAK CAMP--

FROM ABOVE, STARMAN SEES--

CLASSY!
I JUST HAD
WORD THAT
THE FIRES
ARE RAGIN'
ALL OVER!

GOOD! NOW
THEY'LL BE OUT
OF LUMBER
FOR THOSE
DEFENSE
ENCAMPMENTS!

SO YOU'RE CLASSY!
JUST THE FELLOW
I WANTED TO SEE!

OH, YEAH?
I'LL SEE YOU
--WITH A
SPLIT SKULL!



THE HUGE LUMBERJACK RUSHES AT STARMAN,
SWINGING BOTH FISTS VICIOUSLY--



BUT STARMAN BEATS HIM TO THE PUNCH!



STARMAN TURNS TO FIND HIMSELF MENACED
BY A CROWD OF LUMBERJACKS, WHO RUSH
FORWARD IN ANSWER TO CLASSY'S CRIES!



TAKE THAT!
HEY--
WHAT!?

STARMAN
PICKS UP A
CHUNK OF
WOOD AND
LEAPS
FORWARD
WITH IT AS
THE JACK
SWINGS
HIS AXE,
EMBEDDING
THE BLADE!

THIS IS THE FIRST
TIME I EVER
CHOPPED WOOD
THIS WAY!

YEEOW!

HALP!

BUT I ALWAYS LIKE
TO KNOCK A FEW
BLOCKS OFF
THIS WAY!

AS STARMAN OVERCOMES THE
LUMBER GANG, CLASSY TRIES TO
ESCAPE--

WITH THIS
HEADSTART
HE'LL NEVER
CATCH ME!

YAAAAH! I CAN'T
MOVE! SOMETHIN'S
PULLIN' ME BACK!

THE MAGNETIC RAY OF MY
GRAVITY ROD SAVES ME
THE TROUBLE OF
CHASING YOU!

WHO PUT YOU UP TO THIS
PASTIME OF STARTING
FOREST FIRES, CLASSY?
WHO'S BOSS
OF THIS
OUTFIT?

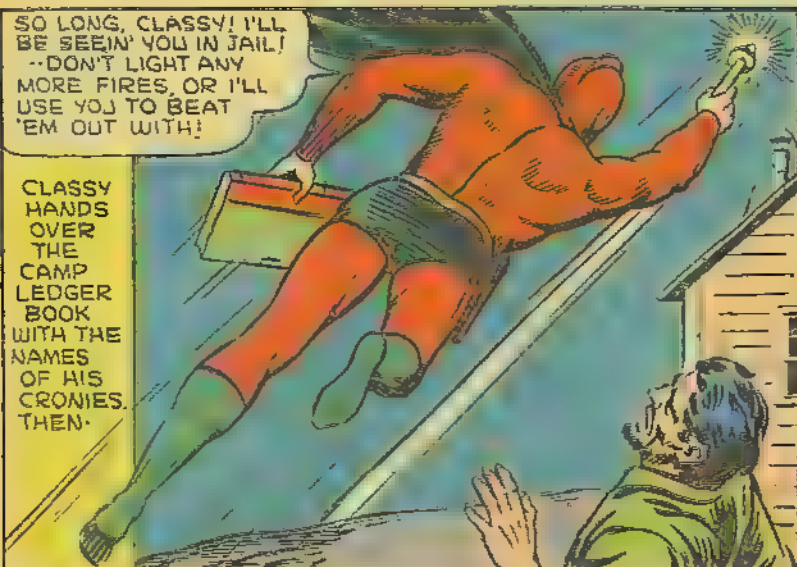
DON'T--
DON'T
HIT ME
PLEASE!

HONEST, I DON'T
KNOW THE BIG BOSS!
HE SENDS ME NOTES--
I DO WHAT HE TELLS
ME! THAT'S ALL!

I THINK YOU'RE
TELLING THE
TRUTH, BUT I
WANT THE
NAMES OF
ALL THE
MEN IN
YOUR
SABOTAGE
CROWD!

SO LONG, CLASSY! I'LL
BE SEEIN' YOU IN JAIL!
--DON'T LIGHT ANY
MORE FIRES, OR I'LL
USE YOU TO BEAT
'EM OUT WITH!

CLASSY
HANDS
OVER
THE
CAMP
LEDGER
BOOK
WITH THE
NAMES
OF HIS
CRONIES.
THEN-



BACK AT THE SECRET CABIN,
STARMAN MEETS CHIEF ALLEN

THOSE FOREST
RANGERS ARE
SAFE, AND HERE'S
A LIST OF ALIEN
LUMBERJACKS
WHO HAVE BEEN
BEHIND THE
FIRES!

GREAT
WORK,
STARMAN!
WE'VE
BROKEN THE
ENEMY'S
POWER
COMPLETELY.



NO, WE
HAVEN'T!
THERE'S
STILL THE
MYSTERY MAN
BEHIND ALL
THIS, THAT
THOSE OTHERS
DON'T KNOW! AND
I DON'T KNOW
HIM, EITHER!

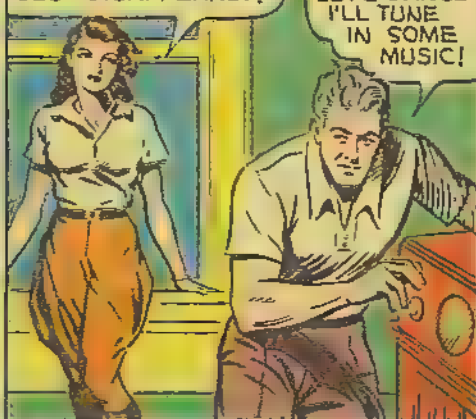
YOU'VE
DONE ALL
ANYONE
COULD!
FORGET
ABOUT
IT!



MEANWHILE--AT LUMBER PEAK
HOTEL, HANDSOME BILL BAXTER STILL
TRIES TO WIN DORIS' AFFECTIONS!

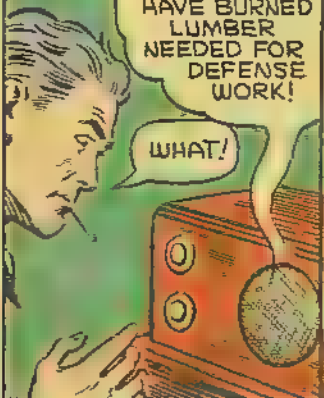
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
WHERE TED IS! HE
JUST DISAPPEARED!

FORGET
HIM AND
LET'S DANCE--
I'LL TUNE
IN SOME
MUSIC!



FLASH! A MYSTERIOUS
PERSONAGE NAMED
STARMAN HAS Routed
AND CAPTURED A RING
OF MEN BEHIND THE
DISASTROUS FOREST
FIRES THAT
HAVE BURNED
LUMBER
NEEDED FOR
DEFENSE
WORK!

WHAT!



DID YOU HEAR
THAT NEWS
FLASH ABOUT
STARMAN? I
KNOW HIM--
OH, HE'S
WONDERFUL!

SO STARMAN
IS A FRIEND
OF YOURS, EH?
THAT'S
INTERESTING!

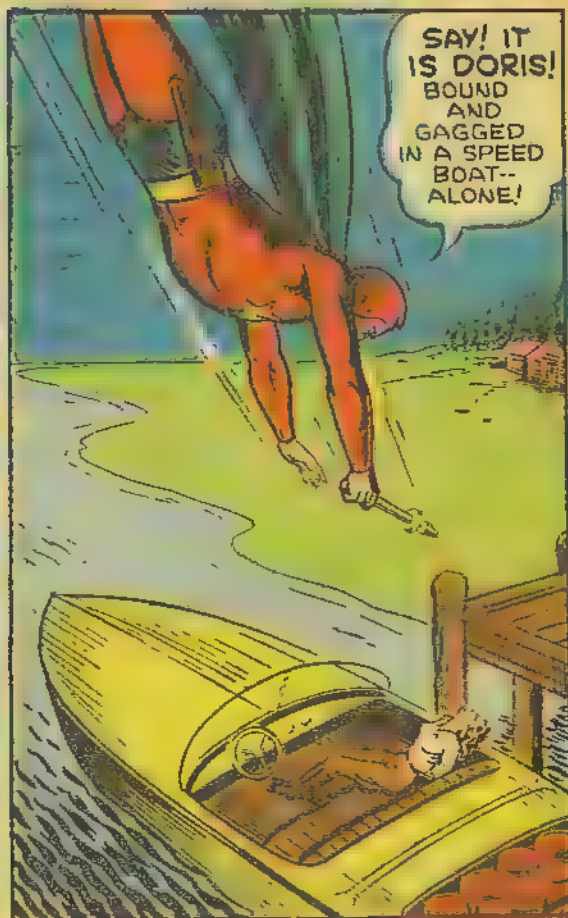
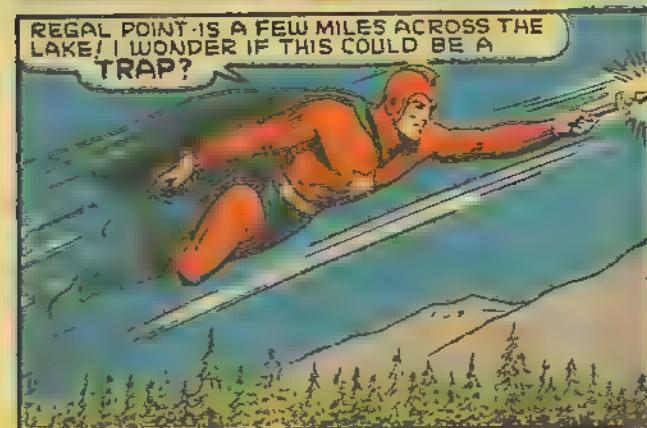
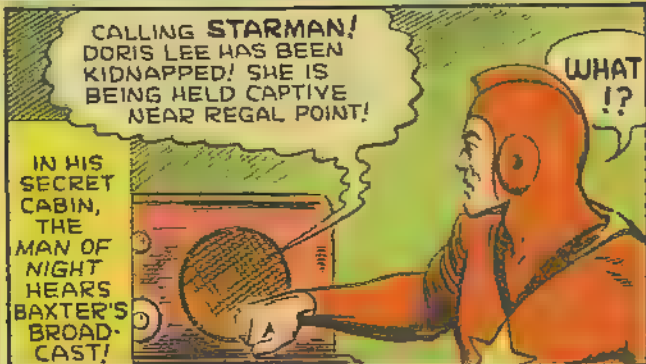
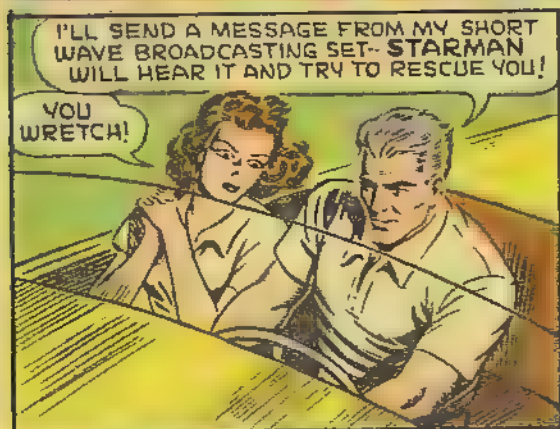
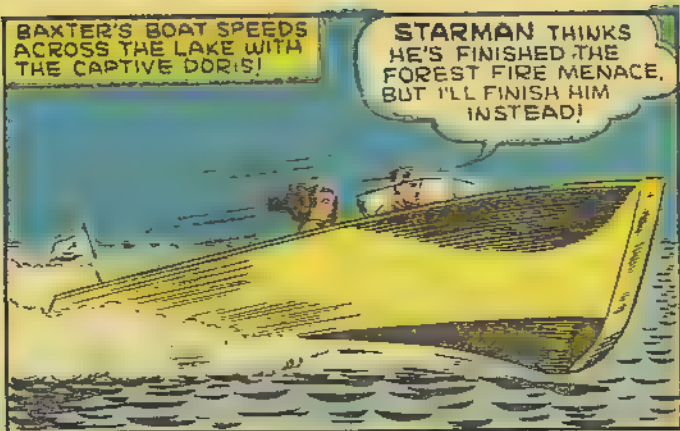
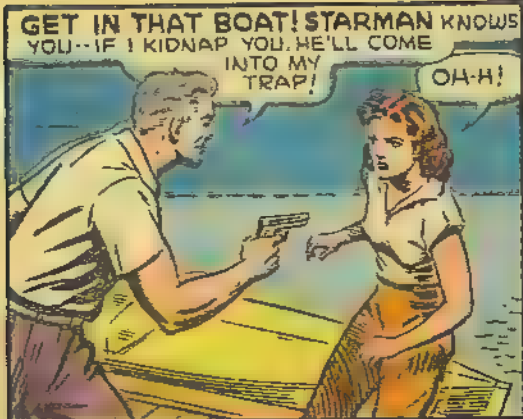


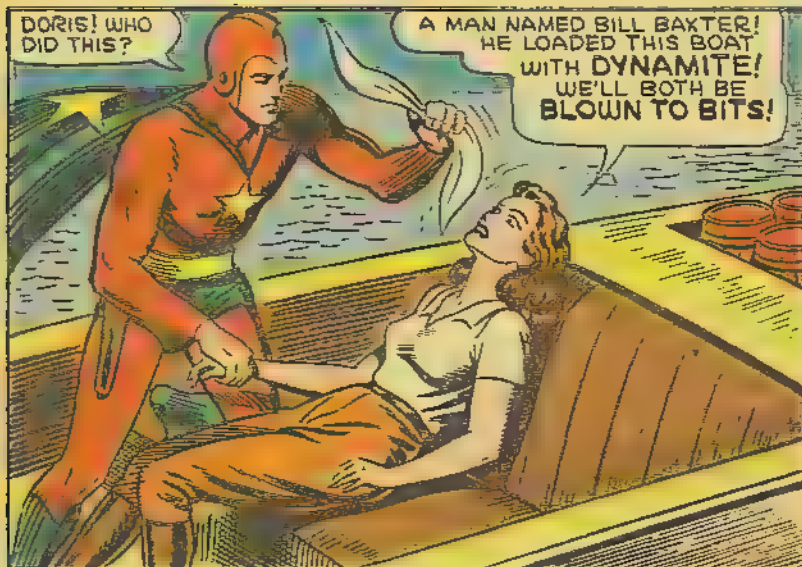
DORIS AND BILL WALK OUT TO THE WHARF--

I'VE CHARTERED A
SPEEDBOAT FOR US,
DORIS! WE'LL TAKE
A SPIN
ON THE
LAKE!

NO, BILL, I'D RATHER
NOT-- I'M WORRIED
ABOUT
TED!







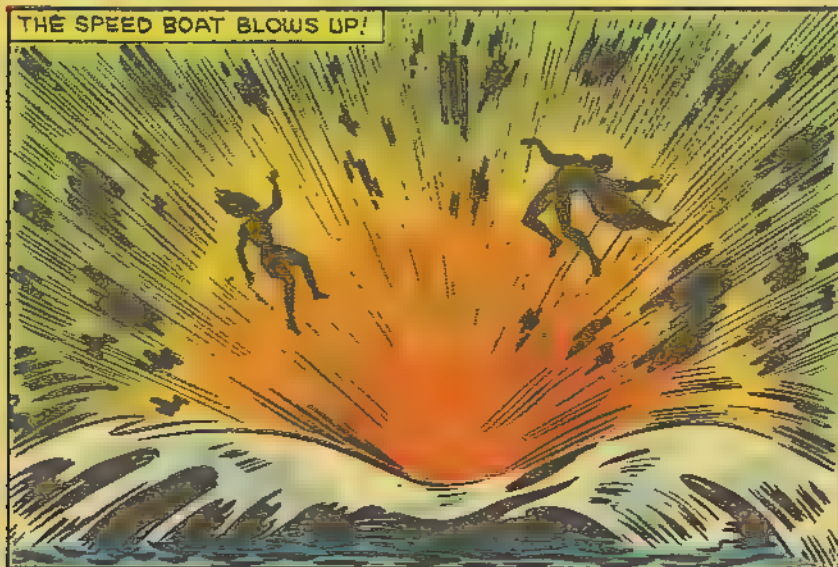
DORIS! WHO DID THIS?

A MAN NAMED BILL BAXTER! HE LOADED THIS BOAT WITH DYNAMITE! WE'LL BOTH BE BLOWN TO BITS!



ON THE SHORE, AT THAT VERY SECOND, BAXTER PASSES DOWN A DYNAMITE PLUNGER!

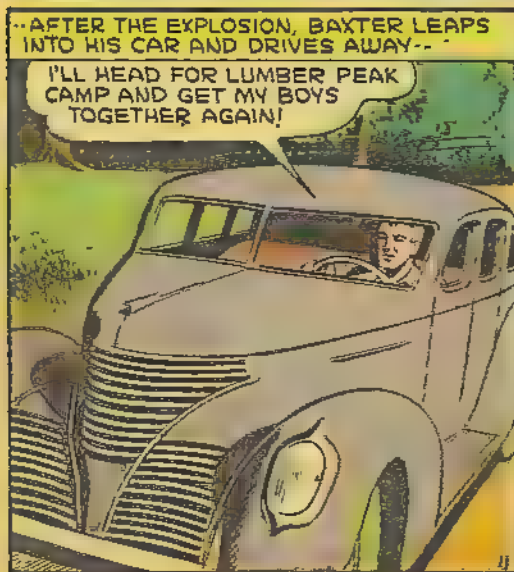
THERE! THAT GETS RID OF STARMAN! NOW MY MEN CAN START SETTING FIRES AGAIN!



THE SPEED BOAT BLOWS UP!

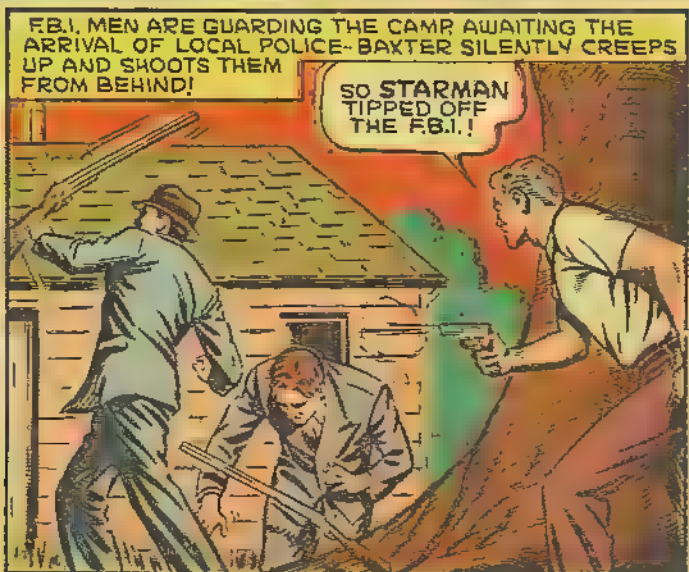


DORIS AND STARMAN ARE HURLED INTO THE COLD WATERS OF THE LAKE!



...AFTER THE EXPLOSION, BAXTER LEAPS INTO HIS CAR AND DRIVES AWAY--

I'LL HEAD FOR LUMBER PEAK CAMP AND GET MY BOYS TOGETHER AGAIN!



FBI MEN ARE GUARDING THE CAMP AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF LOCAL POLICE-- BAXTER SILENTLY CREEPS UP AND SHOOTS THEM FROM BEHIND!

SO STARMAN TIPPED OFF THE FBI!!

AFTER SHOOTING THE GUARDS, BAXTER ENTERS THE CAMP QUARTERS AND FREES THE CAPTIVE LUMBERJACKS.

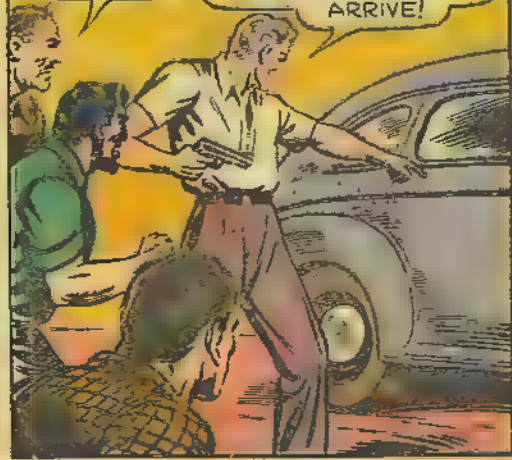
S-SAY--
ARE YOU
K-17
THE BIG
BOSS?

YEAH--I FINISHED
STARMAN AND THE
G-MEN, SO THE
COAST IS CLEAR!



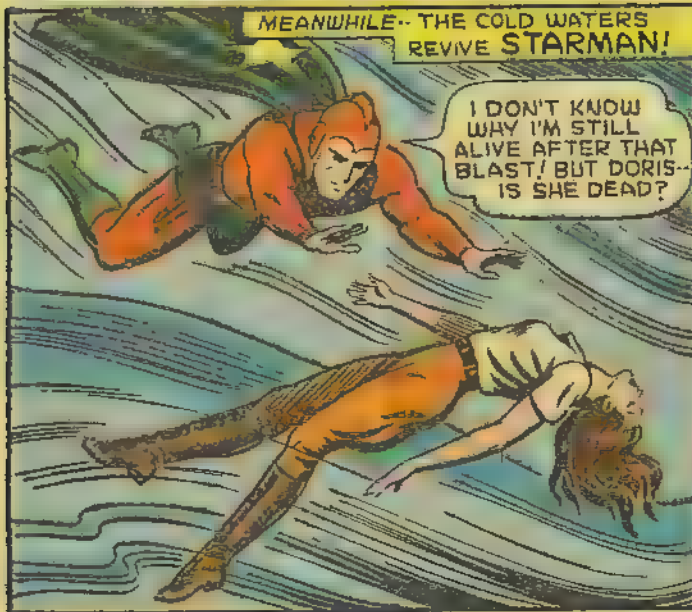
WHAT NOW,
CHIEF?

INTO THE CAR QUICK!
WE'VE GOT TO SCRAM
BEFORE MORE COPS
ARRIVE!



MEANWHILE-- THE COLD WATERS
REVIVE STARMAN!

I DON'T KNOW
WHY I'M STILL
ALIVE AFTER THAT
BLAST! BUT DORIS--
IS SHE DEAD?



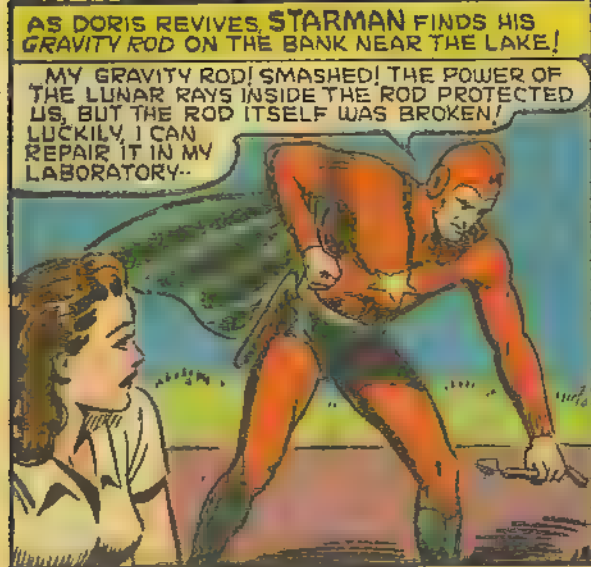
HE CARRIES THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL
OUT TO SHORE.

SHE'S STILL ALIVE!
I CAN'T UNDER-
STAND IT! THAT
BLAST WAS
ENOUGH TO
KILL
TEN MEN!



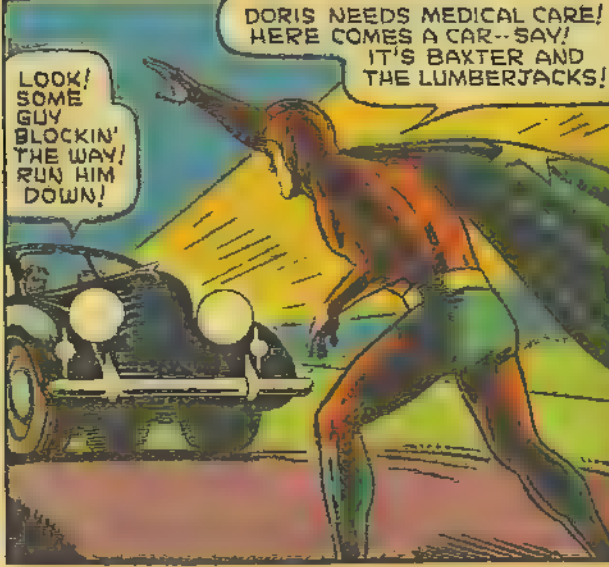
AS DORIS REVIVES, STARMAN FINDS HIS
GRAVITY ROD ON THE BANK NEAR THE LAKE!

MY GRAVITY ROD! SMASHED! THE POWER OF
THE LUNAR RAYS INSIDE THE ROD PROTECTED
US, BUT THE ROD ITSELF WAS BROKEN!
LUCKILY, I CAN
REPAIR IT IN MY
LABORATORY--



LOOK!
SOME
GUY
BLOCKIN'
THE WAY!
RUN HIM
DOWN!

DORIS NEEDS MEDICAL CARE!
HERE COMES A CAR-- SAY!
IT'S BAXTER AND
THE LUMBERJACKS!



YEEOW! IT'S STARMAN! STOP THE CAR BEFORE HE BLASTS US WITH HIS RAY-GADGET!

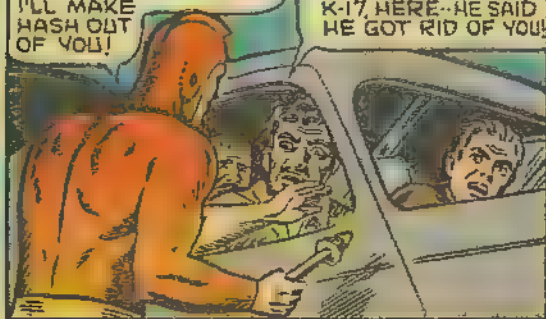
WHAT? I SAW HIM BLOWN UP BEFORE MY VERY EYES!



STARMAN BLUFFS THE ARMED SABOTAGE GANG WITH THE BROKEN GRAVITY ROD--

ON THE LOOSE AGAIN, EH? DON'T MOVE, OR I'LL MAKE HASH OUT OF YOU!

DON'T HURT US!-- BLAME OUR BOSS, K-17, HERE--HE SAID HE GOT RID OF YOU!



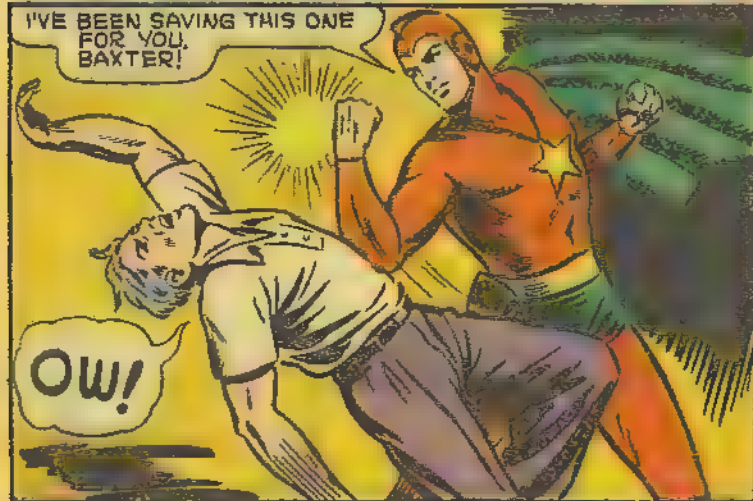
HAAALP!

SO! BILL BAXTER IS REALLY K-17, SECRET HEAD OF THE FOREST FIRE SABOTAGE GANG!



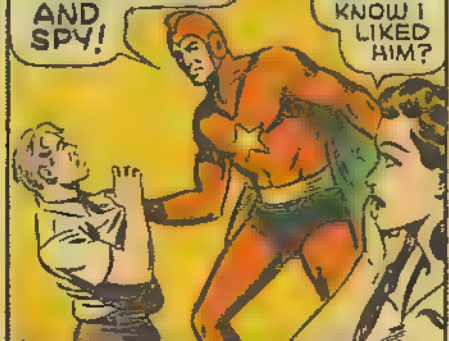
I'VE BEEN SAVING THIS ONE FOR YOU, BAXTER!

OW!



HERE'S YOUR PRECIOUS ATHLETE, DORIS-- A SABOTEUR AND SPY!

WHY-- ER-- HOW DID YOU KNOW I LIKED HIM?



THEN-- CHIEF ALLEN AND HIS MEN, ON THE TRAIL OF THE ESCAPED LUMBER-JACKS, DRIVE UP AND TAKE THE GANG INTO CUSTODY!

STARMAN! THOSE G-MEN THAT WERE SHOT ARE ALIVE! THEY WERE ONLY WOUNDED!

GOOD! THE FOREST FIRE MENACE IS ENDED AT LAST!



LATER--AT LUMBER PEAK HOTEL--

WHY, TED! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? YOU MISSED ALL THE EXCITEMENT!

I TOOK A NAP! I FEEL FINE NOW!



THE END.



STRAIGHT FROM THE DAYS OF CAMELOT AND KING ARTHUR, OF GALAHAD AND THE HOLY GRAIL GALLOPS A CHAMPION CLAD FROM HEAD TO TOE IN GOLDEN, RADIANT ARMOR - RIDDING UPON A WHITE, WINGED STALLION - THIS SPLENDID, DASHING FIGURE IS THE SHINING KNIGHT. YES, AFTER WARS AND RUMORS OF WARS, AFTER THE SILENCE OF THE CENTURIES, A SHINING KNIGHT HAS COME TO OUR OWN AGE - TO PROVE TO US THAT CHIVALRY IS NOT DEAD, IS STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE! TODAY, EVERY DAY, THE SHINING KNIGHT BATTLES MURDER AND ROBBERY, VICE AND RACKETEERING - USING, AGAINST THESE MODERN-DAY OGRES, THE ANCIENT WEAPONS AND DARK ENCHANTMENT OF THE PAST!

WHERE WE ARE IN THE OFFICE OF PROFESSOR MORESBY - CURATOR OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM - WHO CHATS WITH A MUSCULAR YOUNG MAN WHO SEEMS RATHER UNCOMFORTABLE AND RATHER OUT OF PLACE IN MODERN CLOTHES -

...FOR THIS YOUNG MAN IS NONE OTHER THAN SIR JUSTIN - THE SHINING KNIGHT! WHEN HE IS NOT JOUSTING WITH CRIME, JUSTIN HAS A JOB AS ASSISTANT TO THE PROFESSOR (WHO RESCUED HIM FROM THE ICE FLOE THAT HAD KEPT HIM SLEEPING THROUGH THE CENTURIES)

WELL, JUSTIN - HOW ARE THE LESSONS COMING ALONG?

I LEARN SLOWLY. YOUR MODERN WAYS ARE STRANGE. FORSOOTH AND I AM MUCH A-MUDDLED!

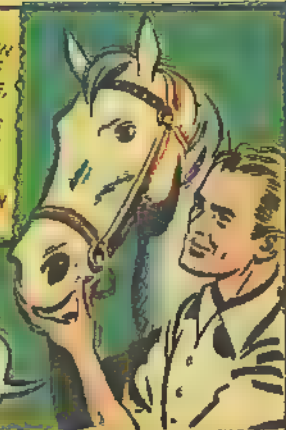
WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLD CHAP? YOU SEEM RESTLESS..

THAT I AM, BY MY HALIDOM! MY MUSCLES ARE CLOGGED WITH IDLENESS - AND I HUNGER FOR ACTION

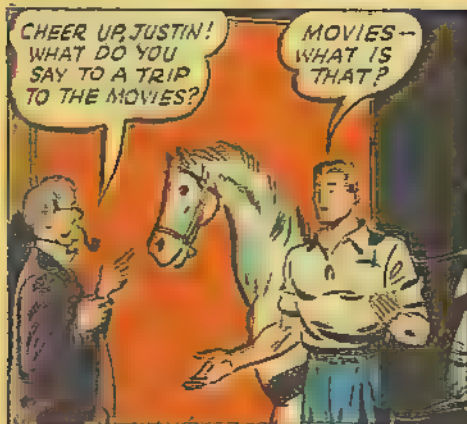
HOMESICK FOR HIS OWN COUNTRY, JUSTIN DROPS IN TO SEE WINGED VICTORY—THE FLYING BATTLE CHARGER GIVEN TO HIM FIFTEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO BY HISTORY'S NUMBER ONE MAGICIAN, THE GREAT MERLIN HIMSELF!



YES, BOTH MAN AND BEAST ARE A LONG WAY OFF FROM THE YEAR 532 A.D. WHEN JUSTIN SALLIED FORTH FROM KING ARTHUR'S COURT TO BATTLE THE OGRE, BLUNDERBORE (YOU'LL REMEMBER HOW THE YOUNG KNIGHT IN HIS SLAYING OF THE TERRIBLE GIANT, WAS CALLED IN THE GLACIER THAT BORE HIM THROUGH THE AGES.) JUSTIN'S TRUSTY STEED STABLED FOR THE TIME BEING IN THE PROFESSOR'S GARAGE, SEEMS AS ADVENTURE HUNGRY AS HIS MASTER.



DON'T FRET, VICTORY—WE'LL SOON BE FIGHTING AGAIN! AH, BUT I WISH MERLIN WOULD SPEED SOME GOODLY TROUBLE OUR WAY. EH, OLD FRIEND?



CHEER UP, JUSTIN! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A TRIP TO THE MOVIES?

MOVIES—WHAT IS THAT?



THE BEAST IS MURDERING THE FAIR LADY—I MUST HIE ME TO THE RESCUE!

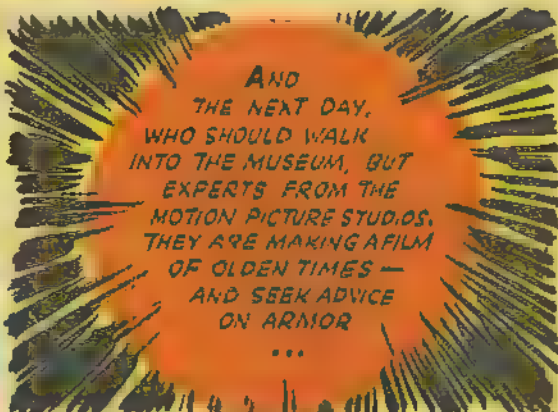
TAKE IT EASY, JUSTIN—SIT DOWN!

AND SO—OUR SHINING KNIGHT TAKES IN A MOVIE!

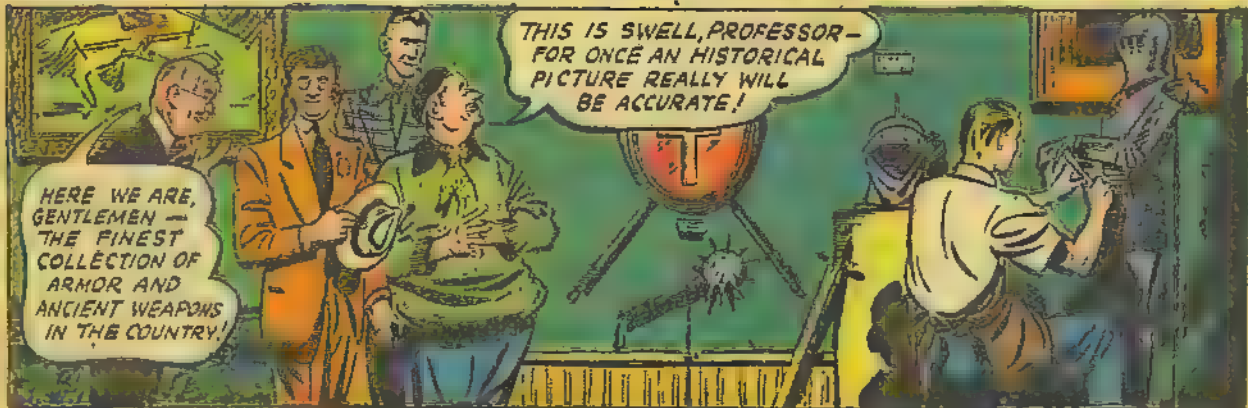
THE PROFESSOR EXPLAINS MOTION PICTURES TO JUSTIN—

...IN AMERICA WE CALL THEM TALKING PICTURES—OTHERWISE MOVIES.

THIS SHADOW SHOW IS THE MOST AMAZING THING THAT YOUR CENTURY HAS YET SHOWN ME. PROFESSOR—AH, BUT I WOULD LIKE TO WORK AT YOUR MOVIES!

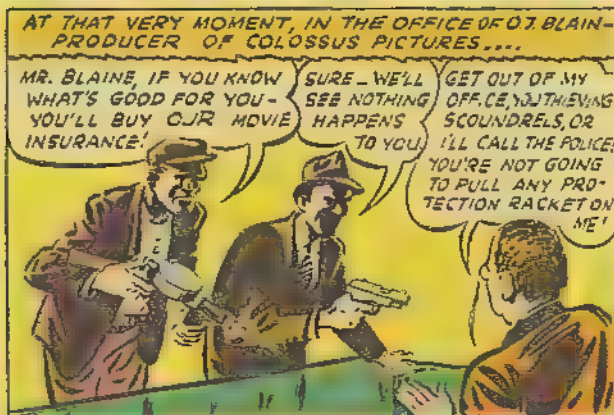
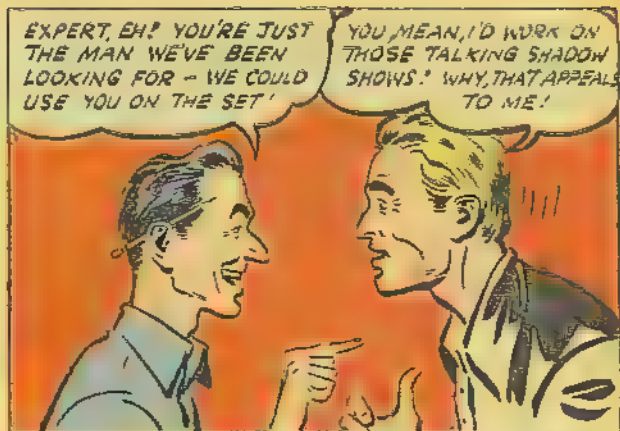
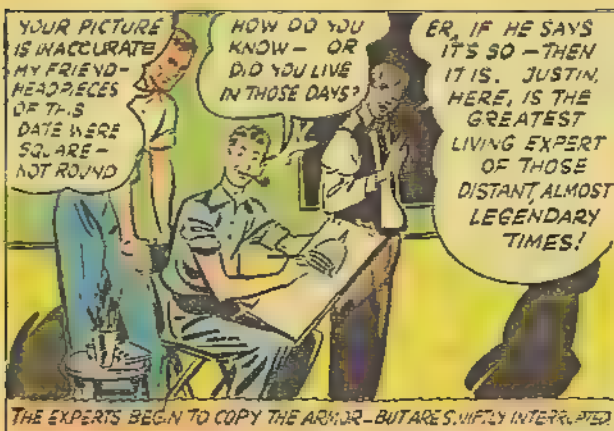


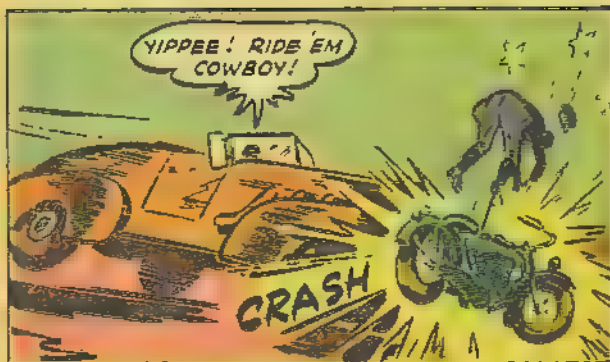
AND THE NEXT DAY, WHO SHOULD WALK INTO THE MUSEUM, BUT EXPERTS FROM THE MOTION PICTURE STUDIOS. THEY ARE MAKING A FILM OF OLDEN TIMES—AND SEEK ADVICE ON ARMOR ...



HERE WE ARE, GENTLEMEN—THE FINEST COLLECTION OF ARMOR AND ANCIENT WEAPONS IN THE COUNTRY!

THIS IS SWELL, PROFESSOR—FOR ONCE AN HISTORICAL PICTURE REALLY WILL BE ACCURATE!

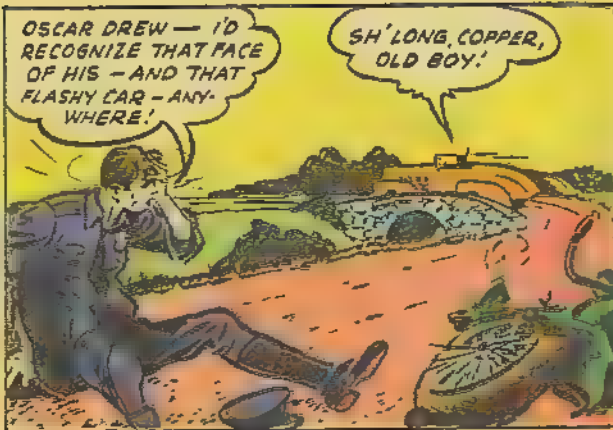




YIPPEE! RIDE 'EM COWBOY!

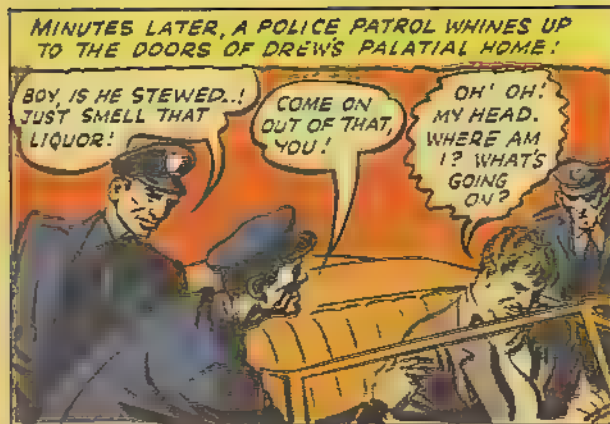
CRASH

A SHORT TIME LATER, ACCELERATOR PRESSED TO THE FLOOR BOARDS, A CAR LURCHES DRUNKENLY ALONG THE HIGHWAY... A POLICEMAN IS HURLED FROM HIS MOTORCYCLE!



OSCAR DREW — I'D RECOGNIZE THAT FACE OF HIS — AND THAT FLASHY CAR — ANYWHERE!

SH'LONG, COPPER, OLD BOY!



MINUTES LATER, A POLICE PATROL WHINES UP TO THE DOORS OF DREW'S PALATIAL HOME!

BOY, IS HE STEWED...! JUST SMELL THAT LIQUOR!

COME ON OUT OF THAT, YOU!

OH! OH! MY HEAD. WHERE AM I? WHAT'S GOING ON?



BUT I'M TELLING YOU— SOMEONE MUST HAVE HIT ME ON THE HEAD!

YOU PROBABLY KONKED YOURSELF ON THE HEAD ACCIDENTALLY WITH A BOTTLE.

COME ALONG! WE'RE TAKING YOU TO A NICE CLEAN CELL!

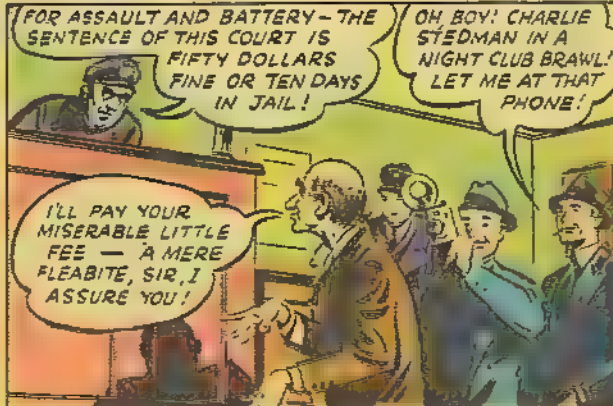
THE POLICE ARE NOT SLOW IN ANSWERING HIS QUESTIONS...



TAKE IT EASY, MR. STEDMAN, OR I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO COME ALONG WITH ME!

LET ME AT HIM — I'LL BEAT HIM RIGHT INTO THE GROUND!

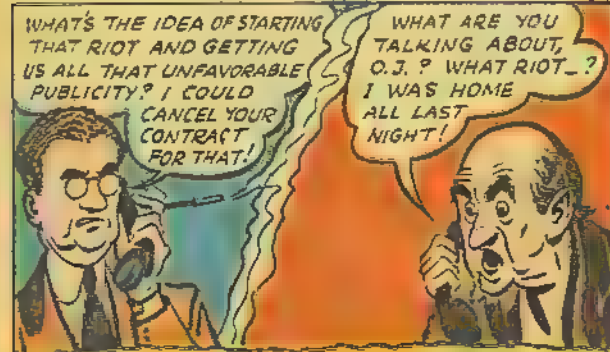
THE FOLLOWING EVENING, CHARLES STEDMAN — COLOSSUS CHARACTER ACTOR — GETS IN HOT WATER AT THE DODO NIGHT CLUB.



FOR ASSAULT AND BATTERY — THE SENTENCE OF THIS COURT IS FIFTY DOLLARS FINE OR TEN DAYS IN JAIL!

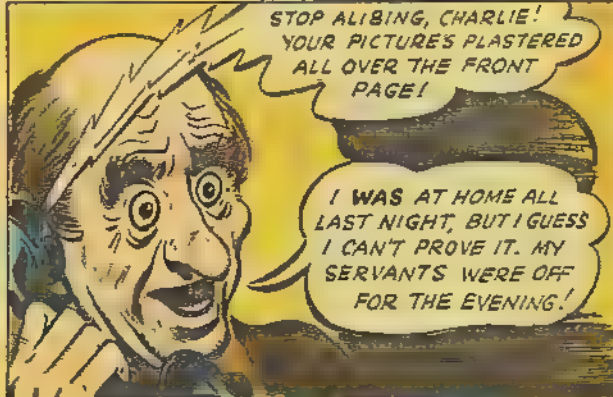
OH BOY! CHARLIE STEDMAN IN A NIGHT CLUB BRAWL! LET ME AT THAT PHONE!

I'LL PAY YOUR MISERABLE LITTLE FEE — A MERE FLEABITE, SIR, I ASSURE YOU!



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF STARTING THAT RIOT AND GETTING US ALL THAT UNFAVORABLE PUBLICITY? I COULD CANCEL YOUR CONTRACT FOR THAT!

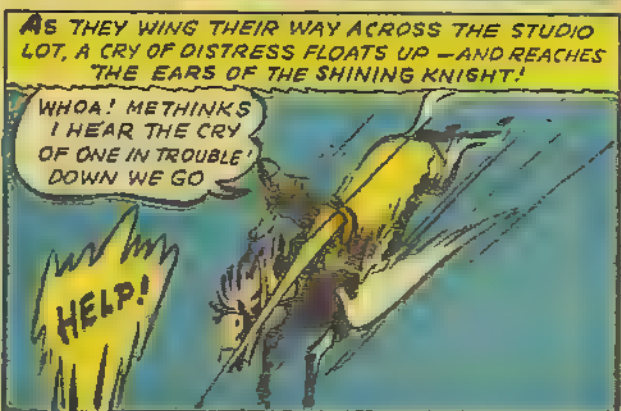
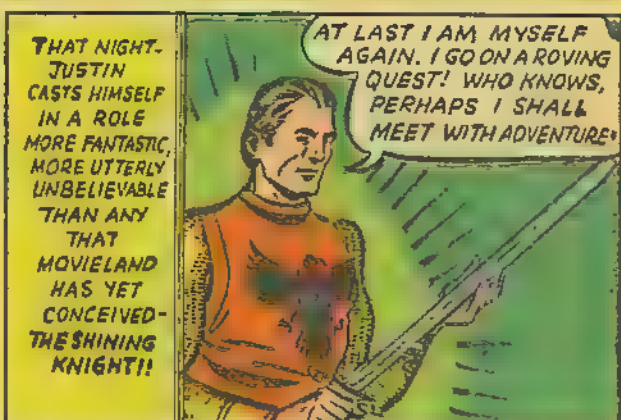
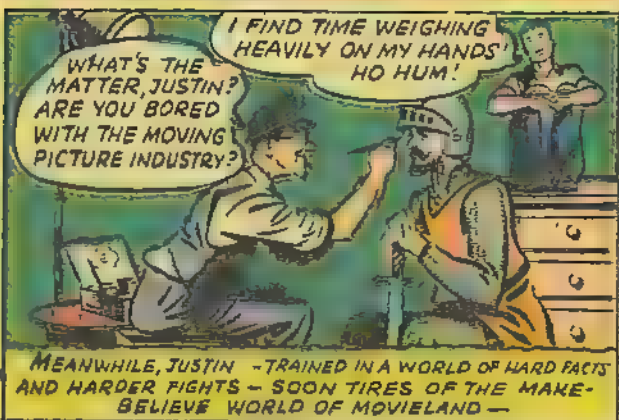
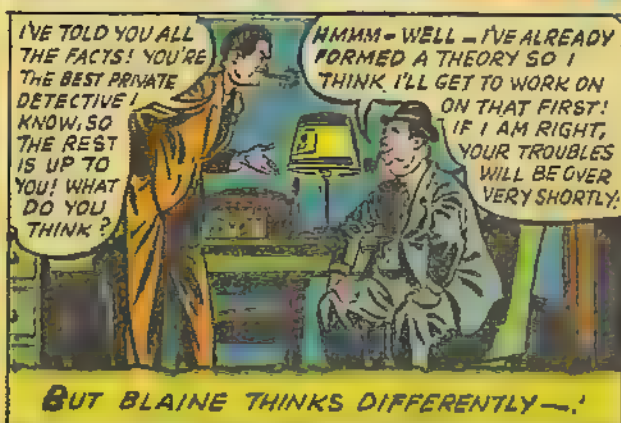
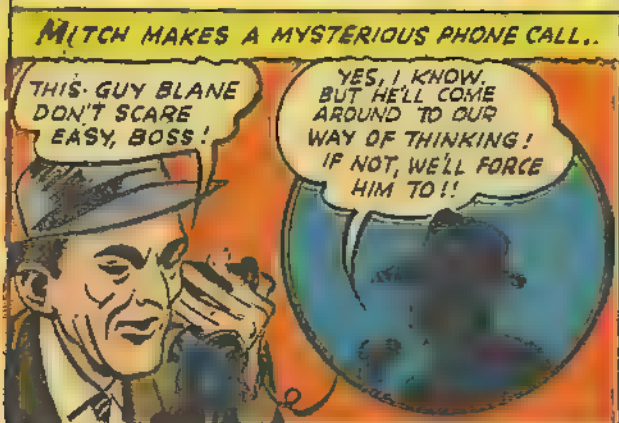
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, O.J.? WHAT RIOT...? I WAS HOME ALL LAST NIGHT!



STOP ALIBING, CHARLIE! YOUR PICTURES PASTERED ALL OVER THE FRONT PAGE!

I WAS AT HOME ALL LAST NIGHT, BUT I GUESS I CAN'T PROVE IT. MY SERVANTS WERE OFF FOR THE EVENING!

THE NEXT DAY, STEDMAN HEARS FROM THE PRODUCER!



WINGED VICTORY POWER DIVES ON THE ATTACKING THUGS!

HAVE AT THEE,
BASE KNAVES!

OUCH! HELP—
A FLYING HORSE!
EITHER I'M HAVIN'
A NIGHTMARE
OR I'M GOIN'
NUTS!

—THIS GUY AIN'T
HUMAN!

I DON'T
BELIEVE IT!
IT CAN'T
BE TRUE!

FORGED BY MERLIN'S MAGIC TO SHEER THRU STEEL AND STONE, THE SWORD
OF THE SHINING KNIGHT CLEAVES THE THUGS' GUNS IN TWO!

RIGHT ROUNDLY WILL I BASTE
YOU

OW!
DON'T KILL
ME!—PLEASE
—PLEASE!
OW!

I WILL STICK YOU LIKE THE PIG
THAT YOU ARE!

OWW! WATCH OUT
WHAT YER DOIN'! —
YOU'RE GONNA HURT
SOMEBODY WITH
THAT THING!

JUSTIN'S KEEN LANCE TIP SEARCHES OUT THE FLEEING THUG!

HEY, LET ME DOWN! I AIN'T
DONE NUTHIN'!

MURDERER,
YOU'VE DONE
PLENTY—AND
YOU STAY UP
THERE UNTIL
THE POLICE
COME FOR
YOU!

SPEARED TO THE TELEGRAPH POLE, THE THUG
HANGS THERE LIKE WASHING ON A LINE!

JUSTIN HASTENS TO THE DYING MAN'S SIDE —!

THERE—
EASY, OLD
MAN —

GOP
BASE —
AHHHH!

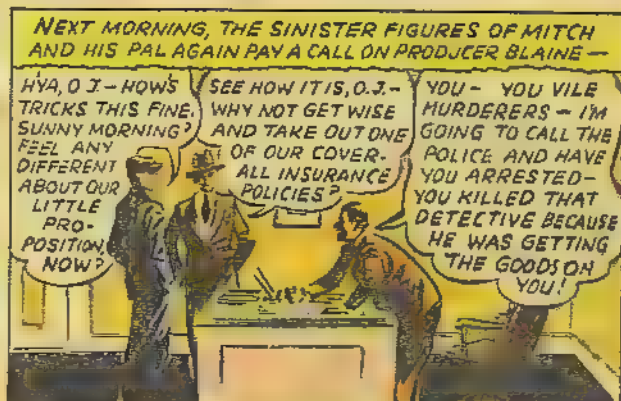
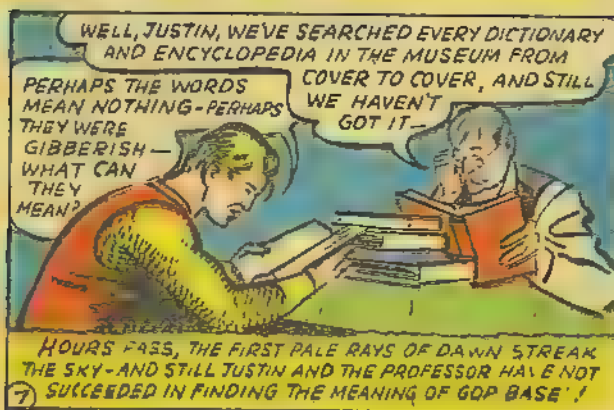
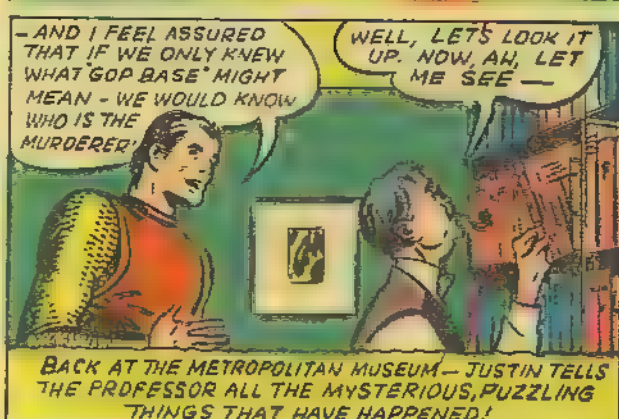
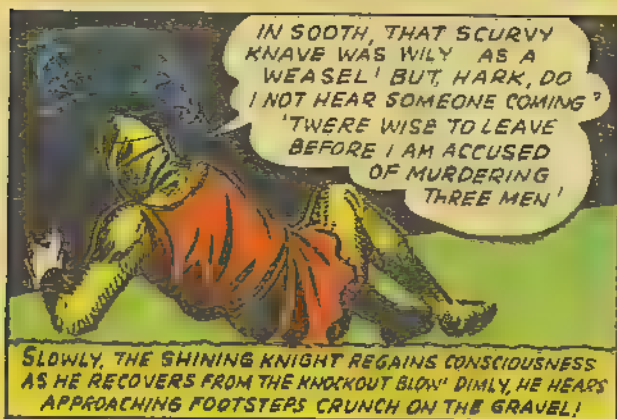
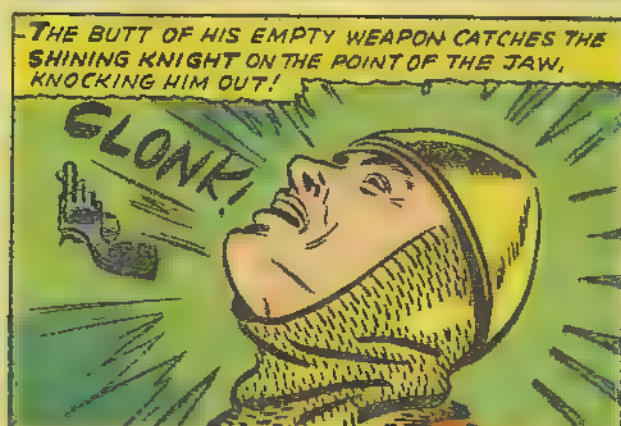
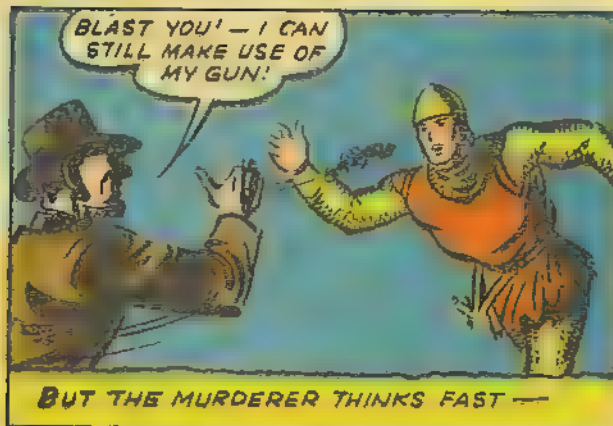
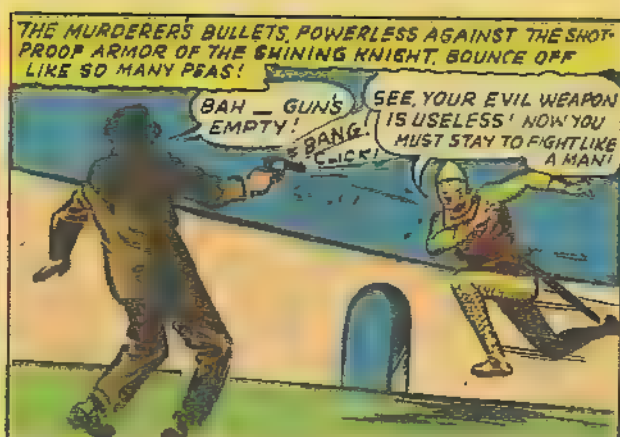
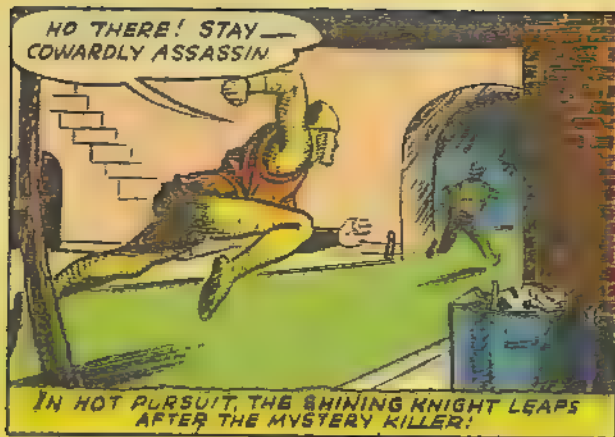
HIS TROUBLES ARE OVER,
POOR FELLOW—I WONDER WHAT
HE COULD HAVE MEANT BY
"GOP BASE"? I MUST FIND
OUT—FOR I VERILY BELIEVE
THAT THOSE WORDS ARE
THE KEY TO THIS MYSTERY,
AND TO THE DOOR OF HIGH
ADVENTURE! METHINKS
I WILL QUESTION THE TWO
KNAVES RESPONSIBLE
FOR THIS MAN'S MURDER!

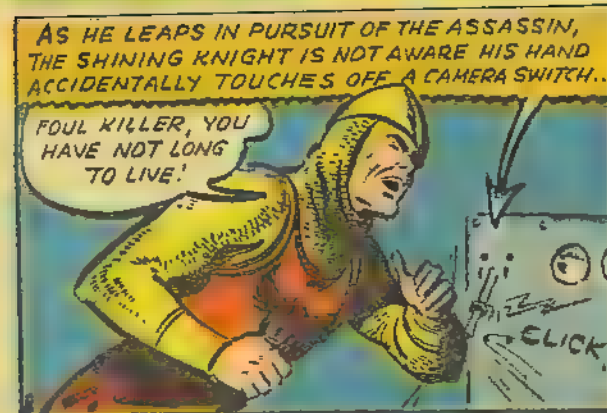
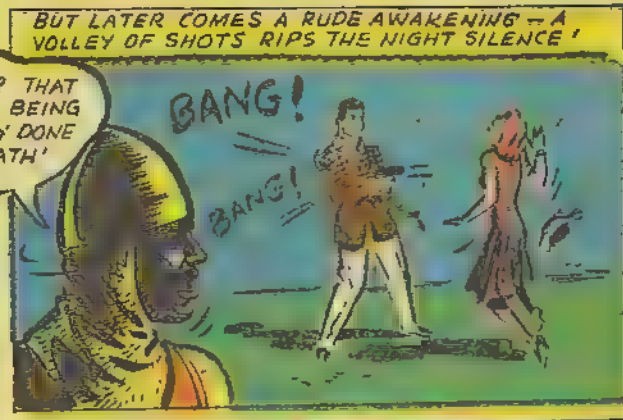
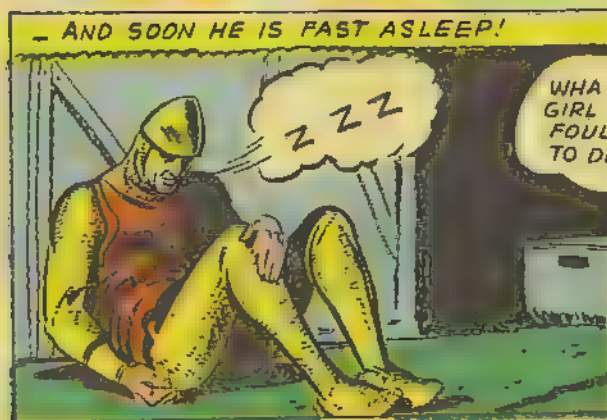
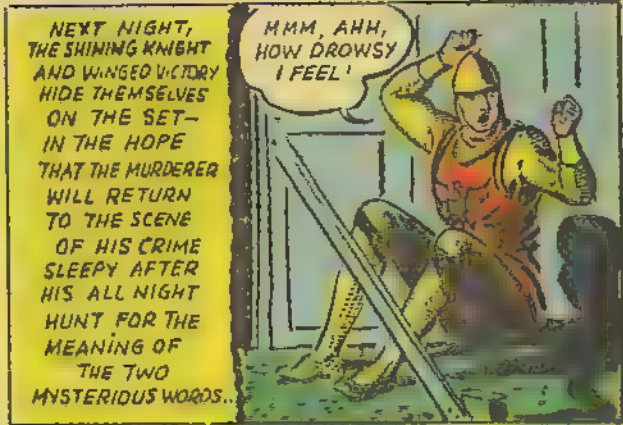
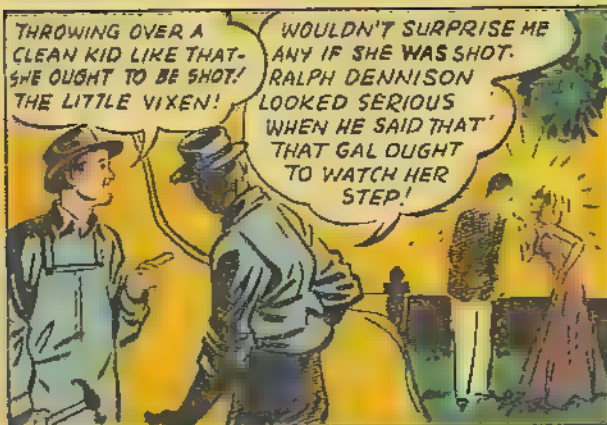
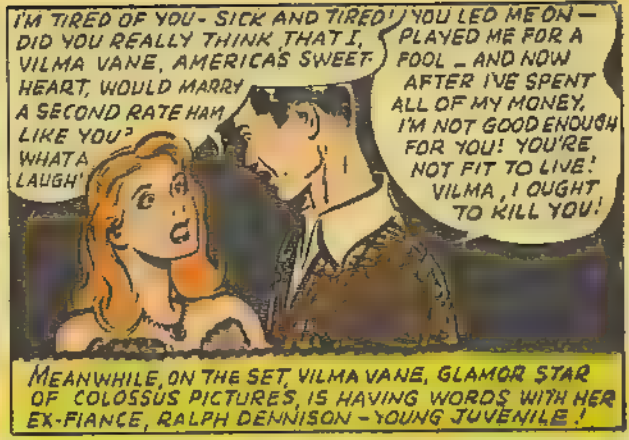
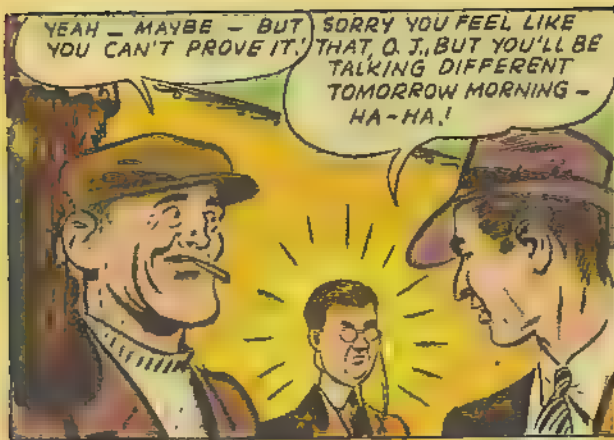
THEY WON'T
TALK NOW!!

BANG!

BANG!

SUDDENLY TWO SHOTS, CRISP AND STACCATO, BLAST FROM
THE DARKNESS!





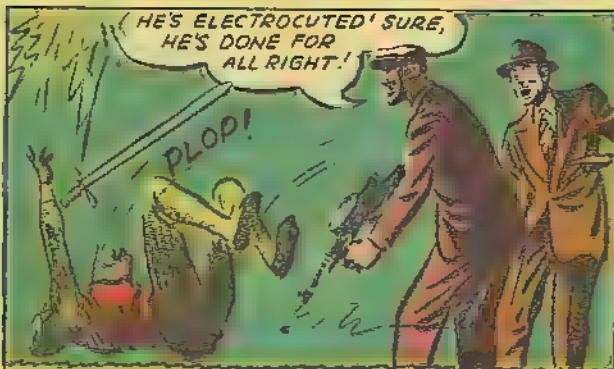
BUT SUDDENLY, REINFORCEMENTS JUMP FROM THEIR SHADOWED AMBUSH. MITCH AND TRIG LOOSE A VOLLEY OF SUBMACHINE GUN BULLETS AT THE SHINING KNIGHT!

IF IT'S A FIGHT YOU WANT, I PROMISE YOU WILL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED! HAVE AT THEE!



AHH—
OHH,
E-EH!!

BUT HIS SWORD—A GLISTENING ARC OF DEATH DEALING STEEL—BITES INTO A LOW HANGING HIGH TENSION WIRE—AND A GREAT FLASH OF ELECTRICITY BLASTS HIM!



HE'S ELECTROCUTED! SURE, HE'S DONE FOR ALL RIGHT!

PLOP!

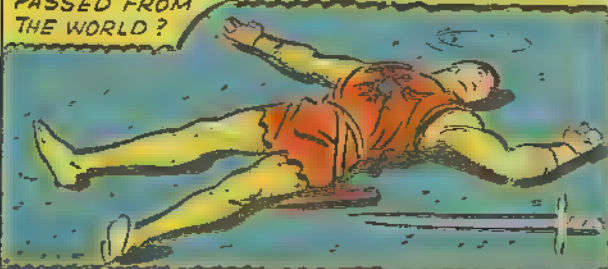
ELECTRICITY, THE COMMONPLACE MAGIC OF OUR CENTURY PROVES MORE POTENT THAN ANY OF MERLINS ENCHANTMENTS!

THEN, FROM THE MOONLESS BACKDROP STEPS THE ASSASSIN OF THE NIGHT BEFORE—AND A DRAMA MORE WEIRD THAN ANY FILM MYSTERY IS ENACTED—MITCH, SLIP THIS DIARY INTO VILMA'S PURSE AS WE PLANNED. GET EVERYTHING SET—THOSE GUARDS



WE SLUGGED WILL BE COMING TO IN A FEW MINUTES—AND WE'D BETTER GET AWAY BEFORE THAT HAPPENS

TIME TICKS BY; OUR SHINING KNIGHT LIES STILL—A STATUE CARVEN BY THE CHISEL OF DEATH! CAN IT BE THAT AT LAST THE SHINING KNIGHT HAS PASSED FROM THE WORLD?



AND YET, DO NOT HIS LIMBS SEEM FAINTLY TO TWITCH? CAN WE DARE HOPE THAT HE IS STILL ALIVE—?

YES, YOU'RE RIGHT—THE SHINING KNIGHT HAS NOT DIED! FOR THE TWO HUNDRED WATT VOLTAGE WHICH FLASHED THROUGH HIS IRON FRAME HAD POWER TO STUN, NOT TO KILL HIM!

I FEEL MUCH WEAKENED AFTER THAT LIGHTNING BLAST. METHINKS I WILL GO HOME AND REST AWHILE!



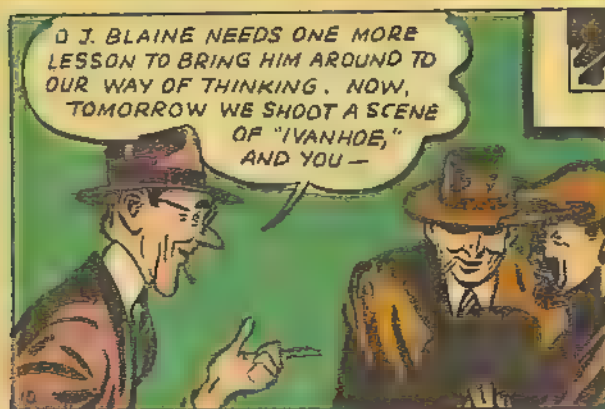
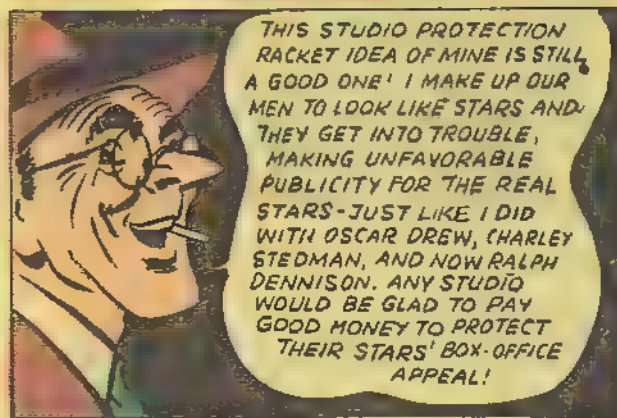
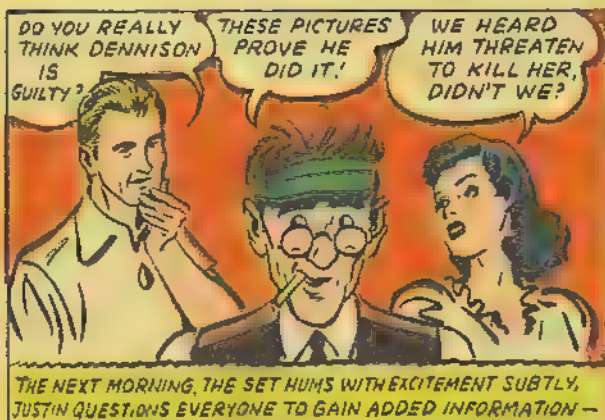
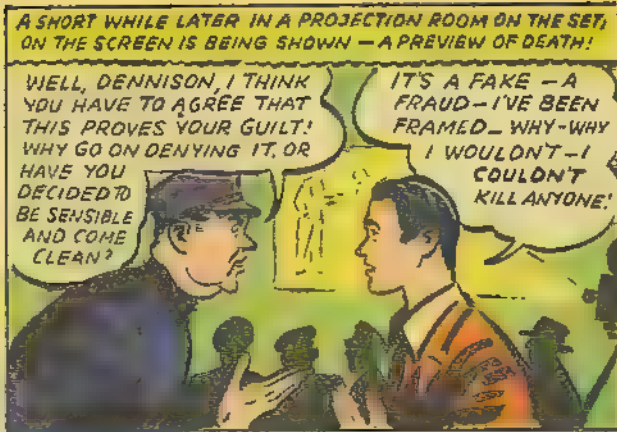
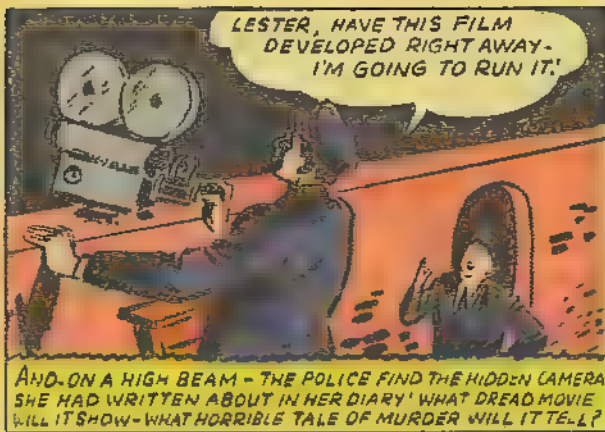
BUT, I AM INNOCENT! MY THREAT MEANT NOTHING—IT WAS MADE IN THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT!

YEAH—WELL, THAT'S NOT WHAT VILMA VANE WROTE IN HER DIARY! HERE, JUST LISTEN TO THIS—AND IF YOU WANT TO KEEP OUT OF THE HOT SEAT, YOU BETTER THINK FAST!

LATER, POLICE, DETECTIVES, AND REPORTERS SWARM AROUND THE BODY OF THE MURDERED STAR!

MONDAY

Date with Ralph
to night on the set
at 9— I think he
will try to kill me!
So I have hidden a
camera nearby. A
camera which will
record all that
happens. I'll be
leaving not
to escape—



LATER - THE DIRECTOR GIVES THE CAST OF "IVANHOE" THEIR INSTRUCTIONS -

YOU, JEFFREY, AS RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED ARE TO JOUST WITH THE ENEMY KNIGHT AND UNHORSE HIM WITH YOUR LANCE - TAKE YOUR PLACES!



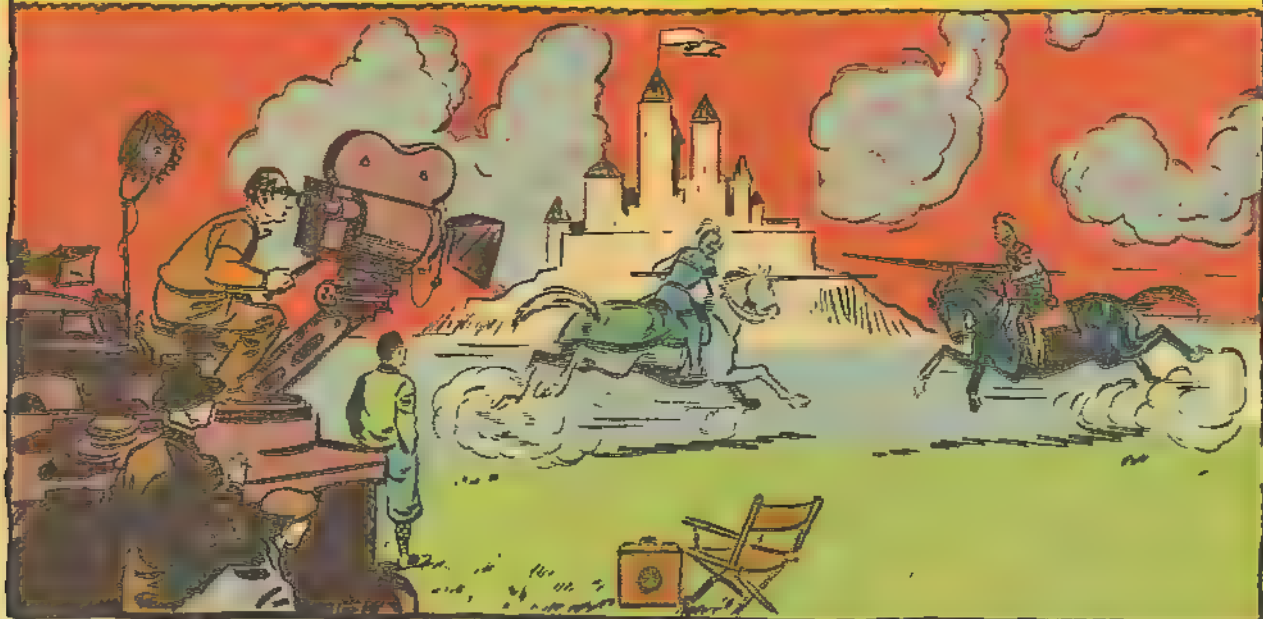
OH, JUSTIN - WHILE YOU WERE OUT SOME FELLOW CAME HERE FROM THE STUDIO TO BORROW ONE OF OUR LANCES - SAID THEY WERE GOING TO USE IT IN A JOUSTING SCENE!

BUT THEY USE ONLY WOODEN LANCES PAINTED ON THE TIP TO RESEMBLE STEEL! I MUST HIE MYSELF TO THE STUDIO AT ONCE - THIS SMACKS OF EVIL INTENTIONS!

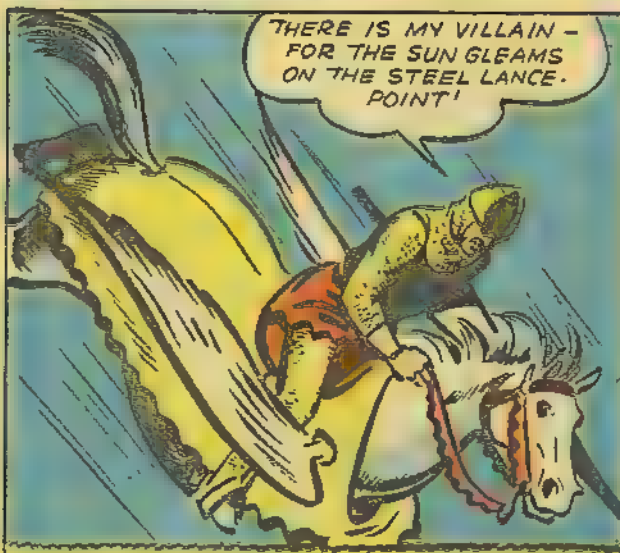


AND AT THAT VERY INSTANT, BACK AT THE MUSEUM, JUSTIN HEARS DISTURBING NEWS -

ON THE SET, TWO HORSES THUNDER FULL TILT AT EACH OTHER - !

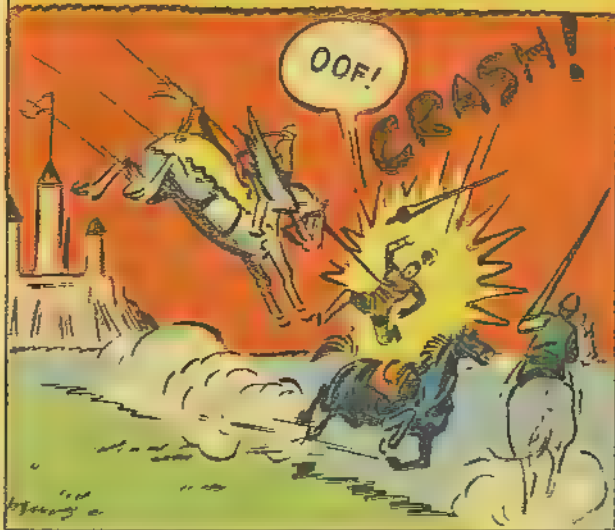


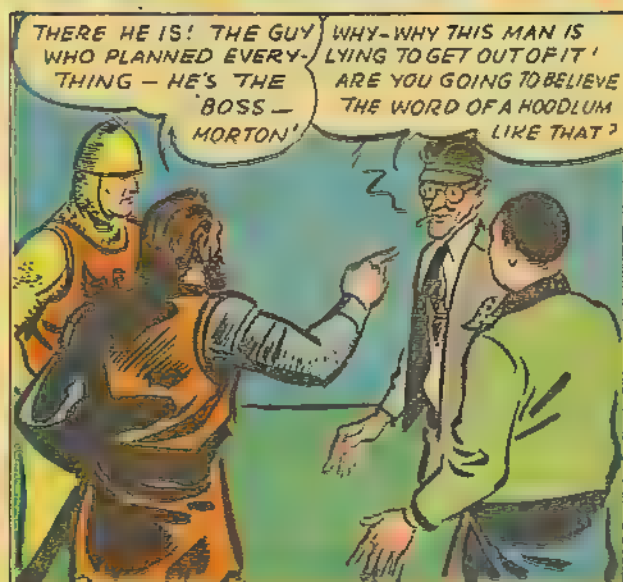
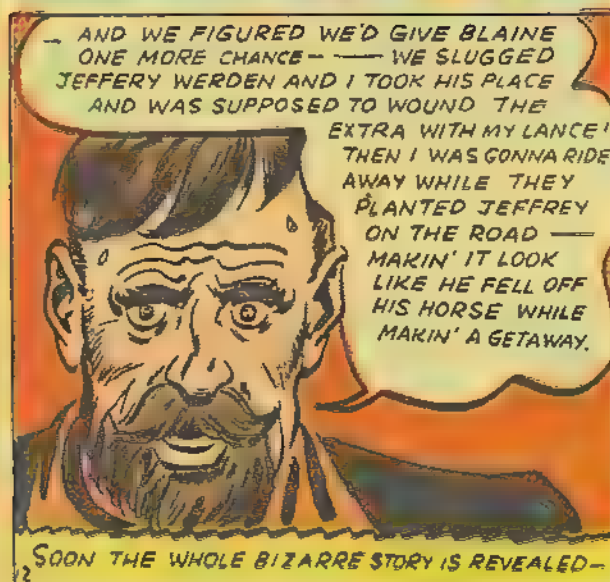
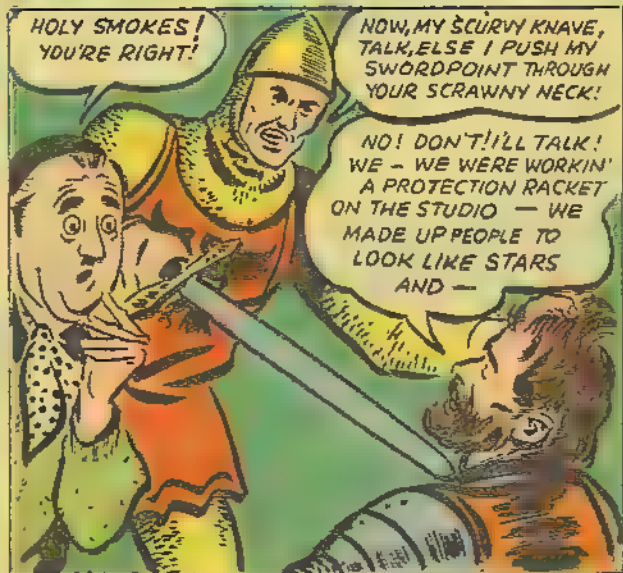
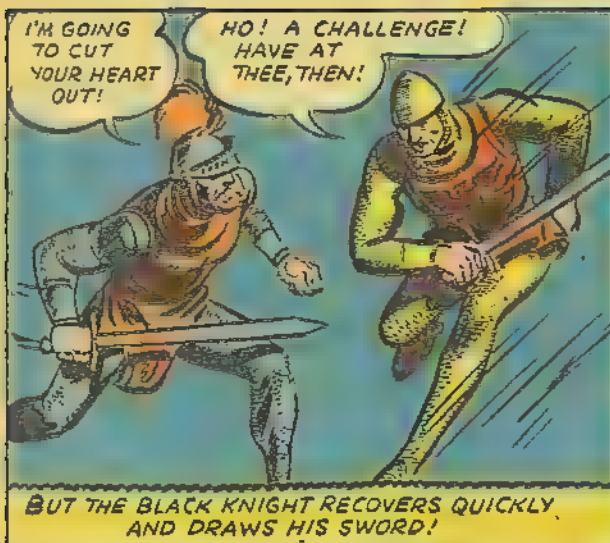
THERE IS MY VILLAIN - FOR THE SUN GLEAMS ON THE STEEL LANCE-POINT!

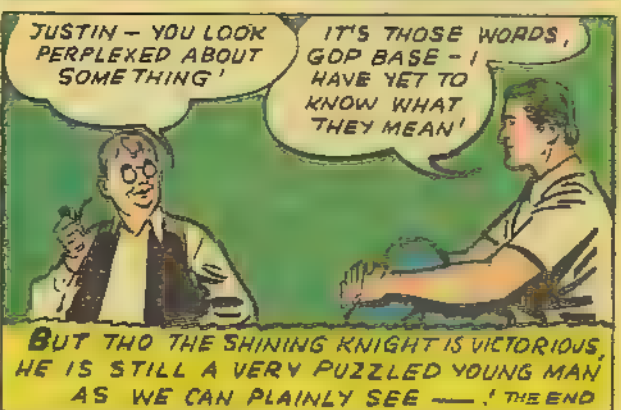
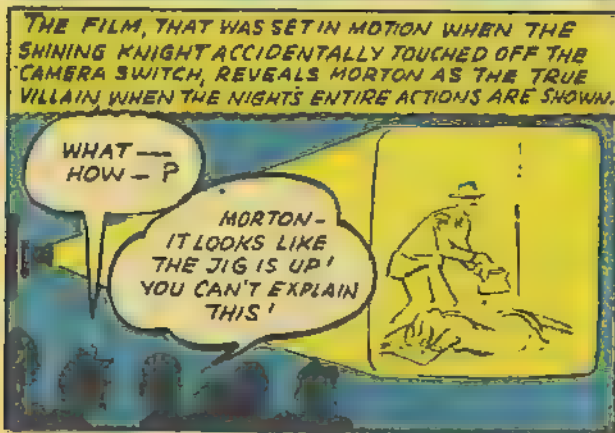
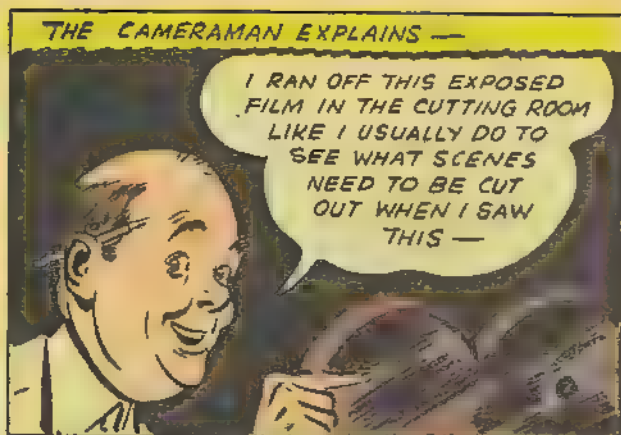


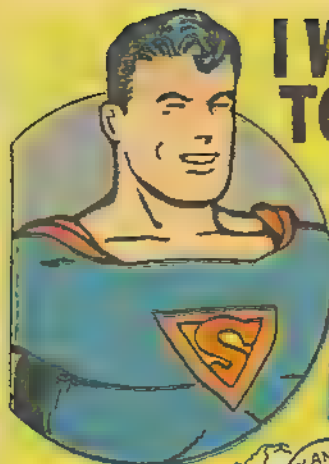
THEN, FROM THE SKIES DROP WINGED VICTORY AND THE SHINING KNIGHT!

THE SHINING KNIGHT'S STOUT LANCE SENDS THE WOULD-BE KILLER CRASHING HEAVILY TO THE GROUND!







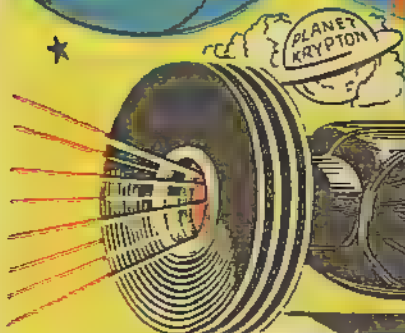


I WANT EVERY BOY AND GIRL
TO GET MY OFFICIAL NEW

DAISY

SUPERMAN KRYPTO- RAYGUN

OUTFIT



NO.
94

WRITE
FOR
FREE
CATALOG

Now ready for you—the one and only OFFICIAL SUPERMAN KRYPTO RAYGUN—the new kind of safe fun pistol that flashes a thrilling scene from a 28-picture Superman Adventure Story on the wall each time you pull the trigger! Looks exactly like the KRYPTO-RAYGUN Superman himself uses in his fight against crime. Superman's name, picture "engraved" on each genuine KRYPTO-RAYGUN. Absolutely harmless. (NOT a camera)

NO. 90—COMPLETE SUPERMAN KRYPTO-RAYGUN OUTFIT—as illustrated in beautiful super-package—includes Daisy's official Superman Krypto-Raygun, bulb, battery, real lenses, 7 complete Superman Film Stories of 28 different scenes each or a total of 196 Superman pictures! Only \$1 at your Dealers. If he hasn't it, or no Dealer is near you, order direct from Daisy. We'll rush your order postpaid. Be sure to order BY NUMBER and to send price of article wanted, by cash or M. O. (Duty added in Canada).

NO. 95 SUPERMAN KRYPTO RAYGUN OUTFIT
Colored cartoon holds wonderful OFFICIAL Superman Krypto-Raygun, bulb, battery, real lenses, one thrilling 28 frame Superman Film Adventure—all ready for projection. Complete outfit only 50c

NO. 96 CINEMATIC PISTOL WITH SUPERMAN FILM
Carry your own pocket theater! This peep show pistol needs no bulb nor battery. Peep thru rear SEE show night or day! Pistol pecked with one 28-frame Superman Film ready for showing 25c



NEW DAISY PICTURE PISTOLS READY!



NO. 90—(Illustrated) 7 different 28-scene picture stories pecked with new Daisy Projector Pistol—Red Ryder, Coy of Wahoo, Dan Dunn, Capt. Easy National Defense, etc. Each 28-scene film tells complete story. Pistol, bulb, battery, lenses, AND 7 films totaling 196 pictures \$1.

NO. 91—Contains complete Daisy Picture PROJECTOR Pistol with bulb, battery, lenses, but has ONE 28-scene story film. Pistol sturdily made of heavy brass steel. Complete outfit comes pecked in 2-color cartoon—costs only 60c

NO. 92—This Daisy Cinematic Pistol has some "peep" action as No. 96. Use night or day. See show inside pistol! Pistol comes with one 28-view film, only 25c

See Our Ad Elsewhere In This Magazine for Complete Listing of Daisy's New Film Cartoon Subjects Fitting All Pistols Shown Above.



ASK FOR THE OFFICIAL SUPERMAN KRYPTO-RAYGUN—MADE
ONLY BY DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., 6811 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

"TICK-TOCK" TYLER
(THE MAN OF THE HOUR)
AS THE

WOLFMAN

GOLDEN VOICES, JEWELS
OF RARE VALUE, HEAVENLY
MUSIC, ENRaptured FACES--
SUCH IS THE BACKGROUND OF
"DEATH AT THE OPERA"
AND IN TO THIS GLAMOROUS
SETTING COMES THE HOUR
MAN, LITTLE KNOWING THAT
THE CONDUCTOR OF THE
MACABRE DRAMA IS DEATH,
ITSELF!

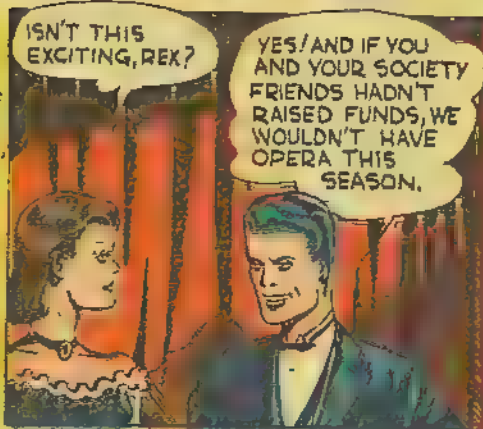
OPENING NIGHT OF A NEW OPERA SEASON --



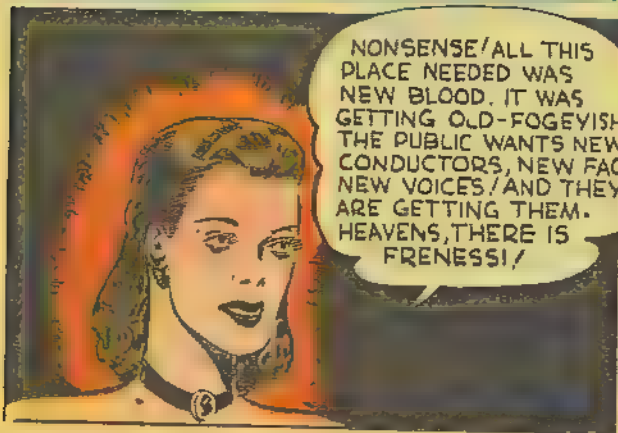
AMONG THE
GUESTS IS
REX TYLER,
ESCORTING
THE NIECE
OF HIS
EMPLOYER.

ISN'T THIS
EXCITING, REX?

YES! AND IF YOU
AND YOUR SOCIETY
FRIENDS HADN'T
RAISED FUNDS, WE
WOULDN'T HAVE
OPERA THIS
SEASON.

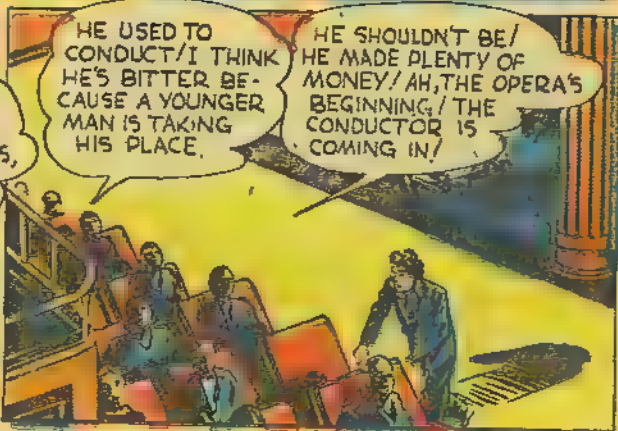


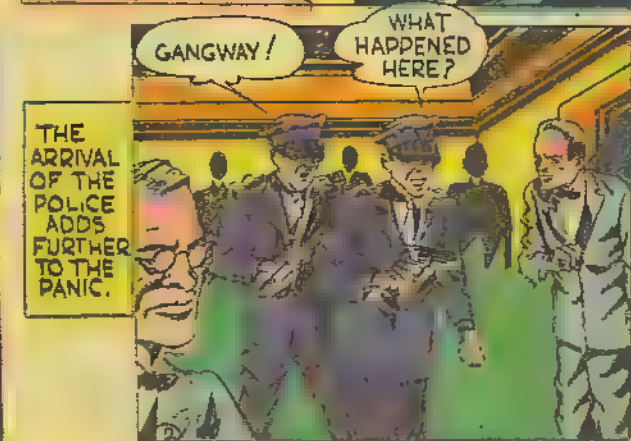
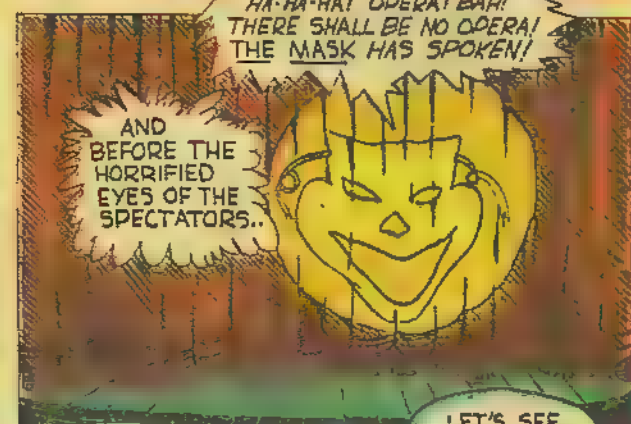
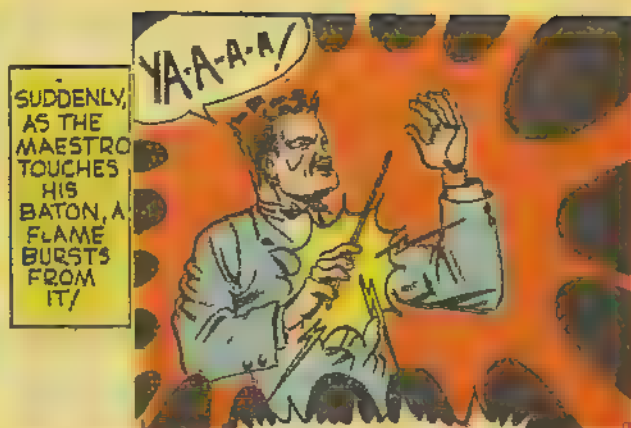
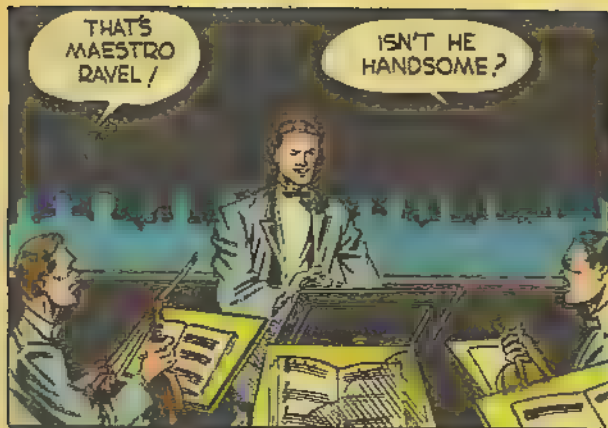
NONSENSE! ALL THIS
PLACE NEEDED WAS
NEW BLOOD. IT WAS
GETTING OLD-FOGEYISH!
THE PUBLIC WANTS NEW
CONDUCTORS, NEW FACES,
NEW VOICES! AND THEY
ARE GETTING THEM.
HEAVENS, THERE IS
FRENESSI!

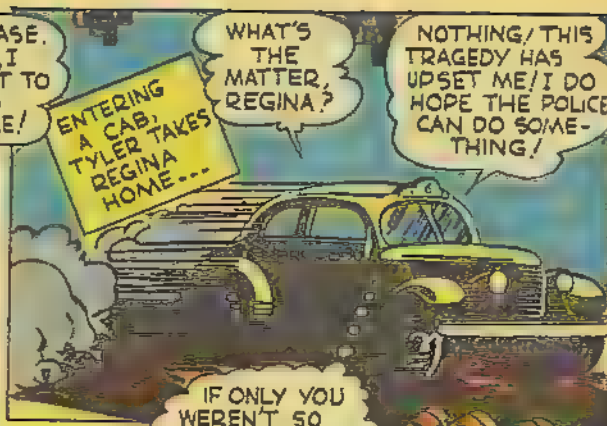
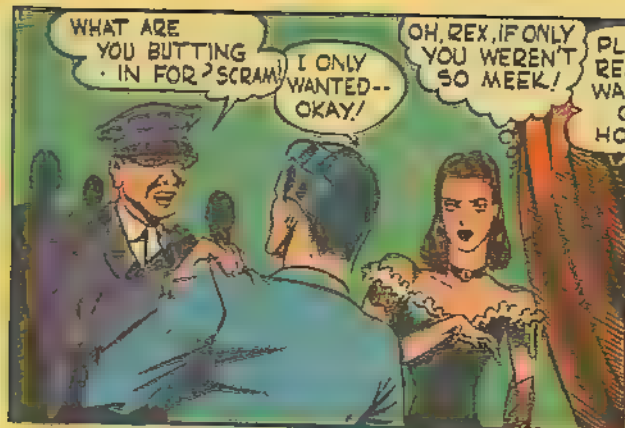


HE USED TO
CONDUCT/I THINK
HE'S BITTER BE-
CAUSE A YOUNGER
MAN IS TAKING
HIS PLACE.

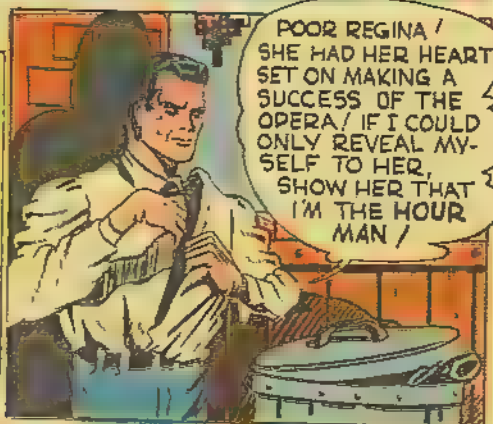
HE SHOULDN'T BE/
HE MADE PLENTY OF
MONEY! AH, THE OPERA'S
BEGINNING! THE
CONDUCTOR IS
COMING IN!







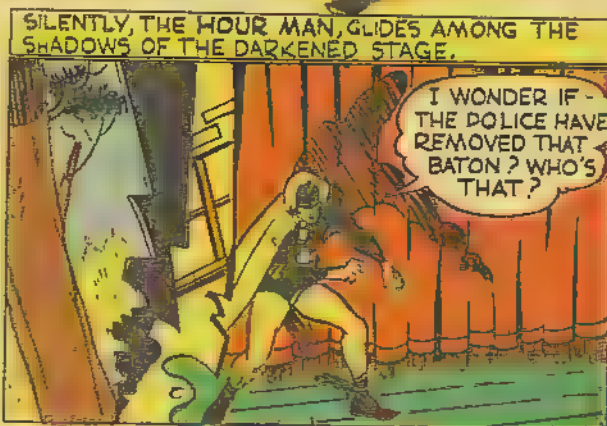
BUT AS REX TYLER LEAVES THE GIRL, HE SLIPS INTO AN ALLEY WHERE A REMARKABLE CHANGE OCCURS!



AND A MOMENT LATER, HAVING TAKEN HIS DISCOVERY, MIRACLO, WHICH GIVES HIM EXTRA HUMAN POWER, THE HOUR MAN, AGAIN A FIGURE OF VENGEANCE, SETS OUT!

IF ONLY YOU WEREN'T SO WISHY-WASHY, REX, I'D ASK YOU TO HELP!

I THINK I'LL LOOK INTO THE OPERA HOUSE FIRST!





THE MAN
PICKS UP A
NEARBY STOOL!

THAT'LL
HOLD YOU!

THE
HOUR
MAN
REGAINS
HIS FEET
QUICKLY
AND
SETS OFF
IN
PURSUIT!



NOW
I'VE GOT
YOU!

TAKE
THIS FROM
THE MASK!

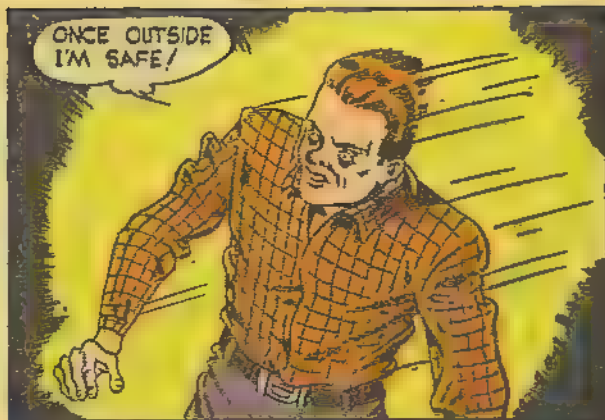
GRABBING
A SANDBAG
USED AS A
SCENERY
WEIGHT,
THE
FIGURE
WANTS HIS
CHANCE!



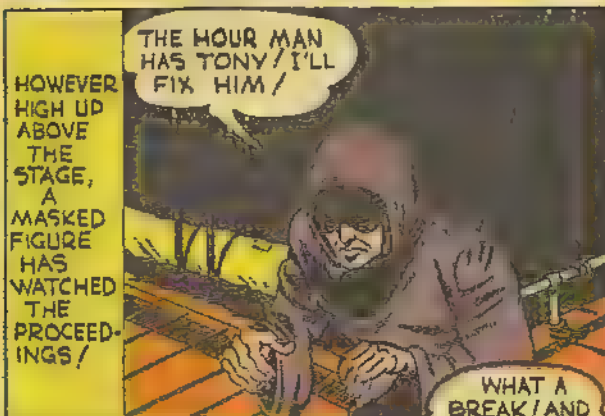
ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE, POLICE GUARDING
THE THEATRE, RUSH IN!



HEY!
ONE OF 'EM
IS OUT
COLD!



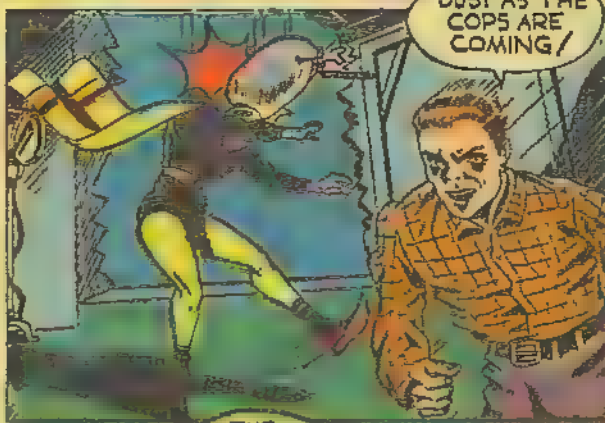
ONCE OUTSIDE
I'M SAFE!



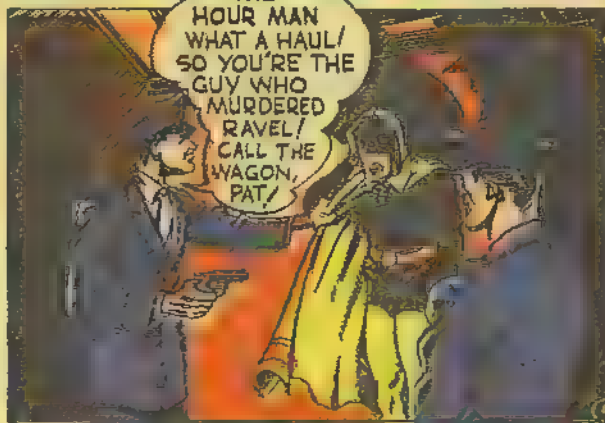
THE HOUR MAN
HAS TONY / I'LL
FIX HIM!

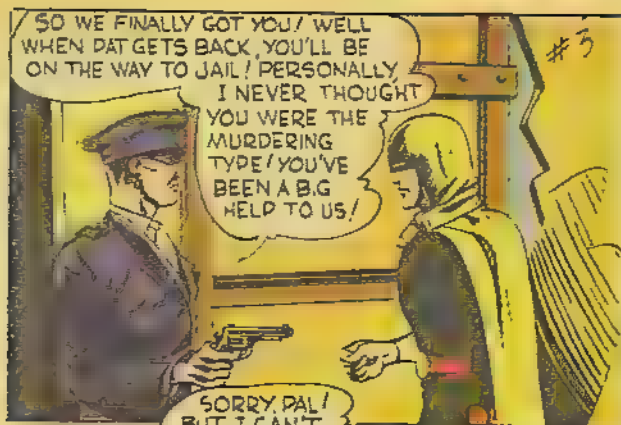
HOWEVER
HIGH UP
ABOVE
THE
STAGE,
A
MASKED
FIGURE
HAS
WATCHED
THE
PROCEED-
INGS!

WHAT A
BREAK! AND
JUST AS THE
COPS ARE
COMING!



THE
HOUR MAN
WHAT A HAUL!
SO YOU'RE THE
GUY WHO
MURDERED
RAVEL!
CALL THE
WAGON,
PAT!

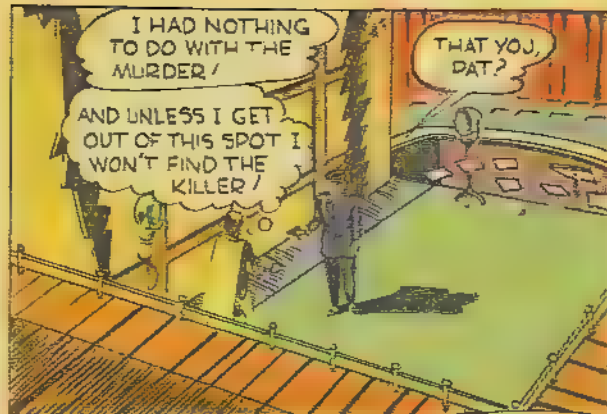




SO WE FINALLY GOT YOU! WELL WHEN DAT GETS BACK, YOU'LL BE ON THE WAY TO JAIL! PERSONALLY, I NEVER THOUGHT YOU WERE THE MURDERING TYPE! YOU'VE BEEN A B.G. HELP TO US!

SORRY, PAL! BUT I CAN'T STICK AROUND FOR YOUR FRIEND!

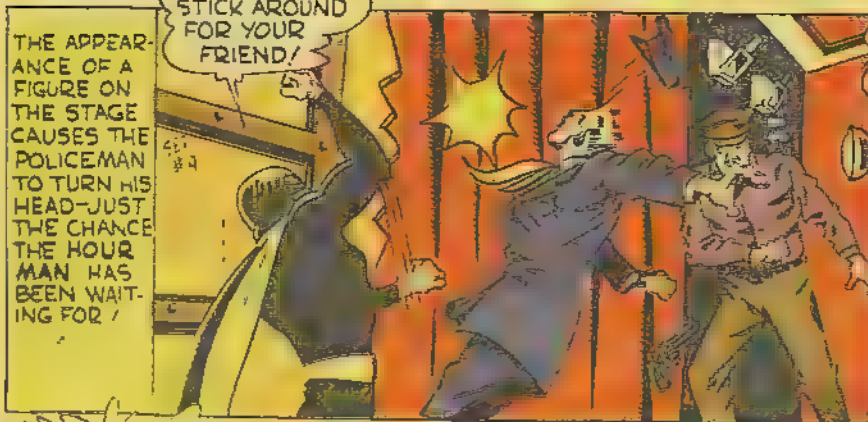
THE APPEARANCE OF A FIGURE ON THE STAGE CAUSES THE POLICEMAN TO TURN HIS HEAD—JUST THE CHANCE THE HOUR MAN HAS BEEN WAITING FOR!



I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE MURDER!

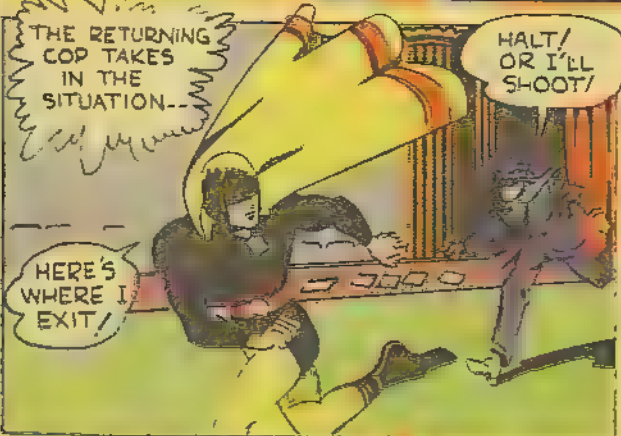
AND UNLESS I GET OUT OF THIS SPOT I WON'T FIND THE KILLER!

THAT YOU, DAT?



AND WHAT WERE YOU DOING HERE?

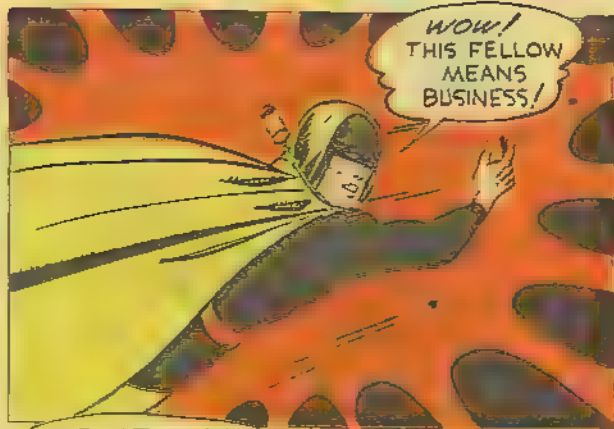
LOOKING FOR A SHORT SOMEONE'S TAMPERED PLenty WITH MY CIRCUITS TONIGHT! I'M YOUR PAL! DON'T SHOOT ME!



THE RETURNING COP TAKES IN THE SITUATION—

HALT! OR I'LL SHOOT!

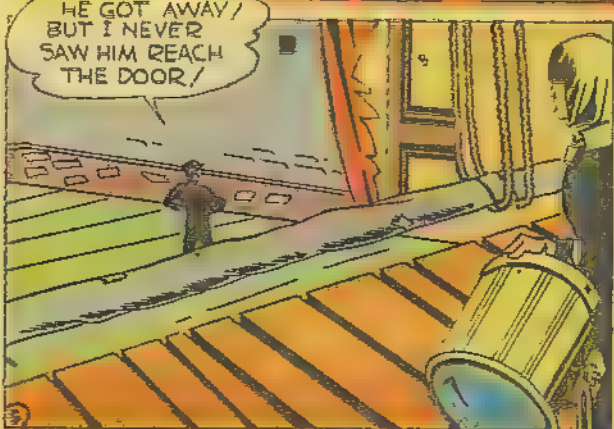
HERE'S WHERE I EXIT!



WOW! THIS FELLOW MEANS BUSINESS!



THE HOUR MAN GRABS A ROPE---



HE GOT AWAY! BUT I NEVER SAW HIM REACH THE DOOR!

IN THE MAZE OF SCENERY AND ROPES, THE HOUR MAN MAKES A DISCOVERY!

SAY, THIS IS SOME KIND OF PHONOGRAPH. WONDER WHAT IT'S DOING HERE?

PLACING THE NEEDLE TO THE RECORD, HE IS STARTLED TO HEAR-

HA--HA! OPERA! BAH! THERE SHALL BE NO OPERA! THE MASK HAS SPOKEN!

SO THAT'S HOW THAT VOICE WAS HEARD!

THERE HE IS!

HE WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME! THE RESERVES ARE COMING IN!

BANG!

SURROUND HIM, BOYS! WE'LL GET HIM NOW!

SUDDENLY, THE HOUR MAN SPOTS THE ELECTRICIAN..

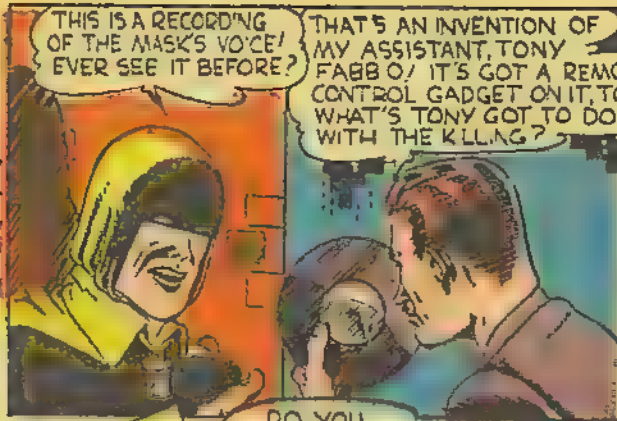
HEY, THERE! I WANT TO SEE YOU!

I AIN'T DONE NOTHING!

I JUST WANT TO ASK YOU A QUESTION --IN PRIVATE!

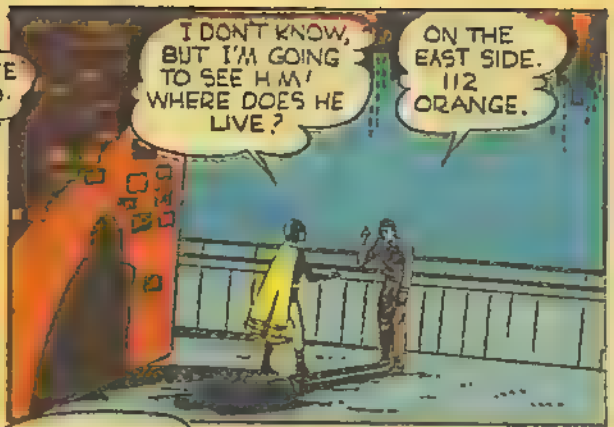
OUT OF THE OPERA HOUSE RACES THE HOUR MAN BEFORE THE SURPRISED POLICE CAN RECOVER THEIR WITS!

THIS PLACE WILL DO!



THIS IS A RECORDING OF THE MASK'S VOICE! EVER SEE IT BEFORE?

THAT'S AN INVENTION OF MY ASSISTANT, TONY FABBIO! IT'S GOT A REMOTE CONTROL GADGET ON IT, TOO. WHAT'S TONY GOT TO DO WITH THE KILLING?



I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'M GOING TO SEE HIM! WHERE DOES HE LIVE?

ON THE EAST SIDE. 112 ORANGE.



MEANWHILE, AT 112 ORANGE STREET --

DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS, NOW THAT THE HOUR MAN HAS TAKEN A HAND? I MUST KILL AND KILL FAST--EVERYONE OF MY ENEMIES! FIRST, REGINA BANNERMAN!

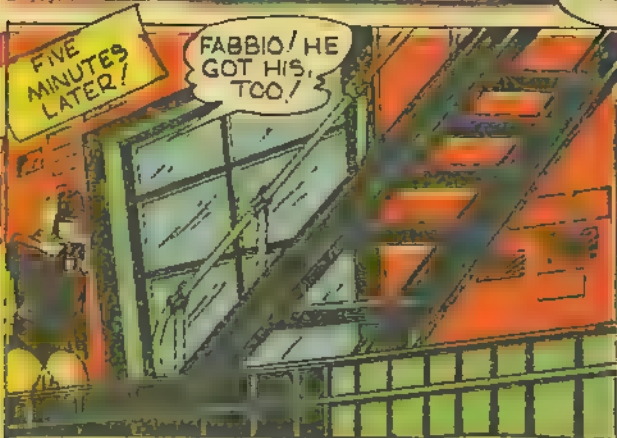
YOU REFUSE? THEN DIE! FOR ONLY YOU KNOW MY SECRET!

NO--NO--NO KILLING! I DIDN'T KNOW!



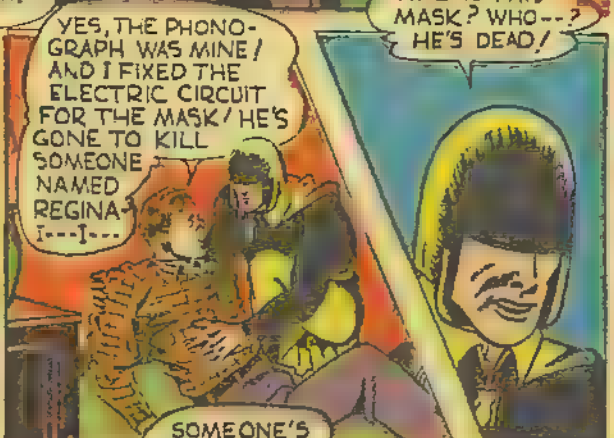
YA-A-A!

WHO IS THIS MASK? WHO--? HE'S DEAD!



FIVE MINUTES LATER!

FABBIO! HE GOT HIS, TOO!



YES, THE PHONOGRAPH WAS MINE! AND I FIXED THE ELECTRIC CIRCUIT FOR THE MASK! HE'S GONE TO KILL SOMEONE NAMED REGINA-- I---I---



POOR FELLOW! HE WAS DECEIVED INTO THINKING CRIME WOULD PAY! BUT THE MASK-- IF HE'S HARMED REGINA, I'LL TRACK HIM TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH! I'LL--



SOMEONE'S OUT ON THE TERRACE!

AT THAT VERY INSTANT!

THE
LIGHTS
GO OUT/
AN
EERIE,
AWESOME
FIGURE
APPEARS!

THE
MASK IS
GOING
TO KILL
YOU!



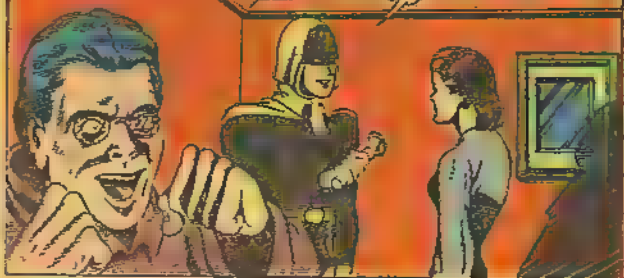
JUST THEN-

LEAVE
THAT
GIRL
ALONE!



YES, AND IF IT
HADN'T BEEN
FOR THE HOUR
MAN, I WOULD
HAVE KILLED THE
LOT OF YOU!

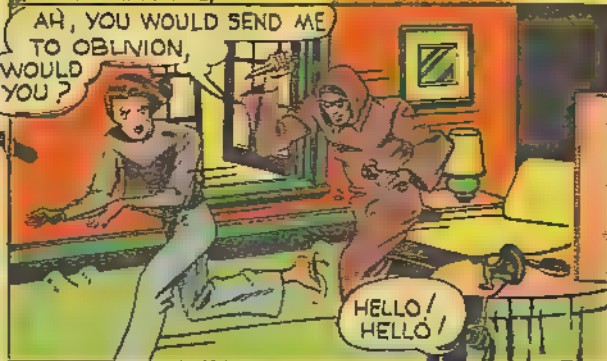
HE'S MAD/HE SAT
IN THE OPERA AND WITH
A REMOTE CONTROL
SWITCH USED A VOICE
TRICK/THIS MASK IS
PASTED ON THE FLASH!



TRYING TO ESCAPE, THE FRIGHTENED GIRL KNOCKS
OVER THE PHONE!

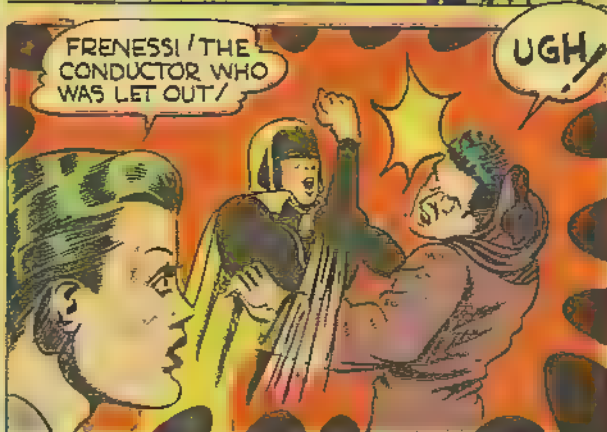
AH, YOU WOULD SEND ME
TO OBLIVION,
WOULD
YOU?

HELLO/
HELLO!



FRENESSI /THE
CONDUCTOR WHO
WAS LET OUT/

UGH!



THEY'LL NEVER
TAKE ME TO
PRISON!

OH HH--

POLICE!



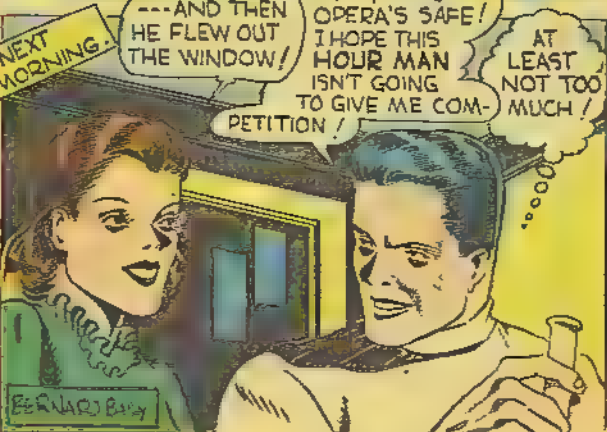
---AND THEN
HE FLEW OUT
THE WINDOW!

WELL, YOUR
OPERA'S SAFE!
I HOPE THIS
HOUR MAN
ISN'T GOING
TO GIVE ME COM-
PETITION!

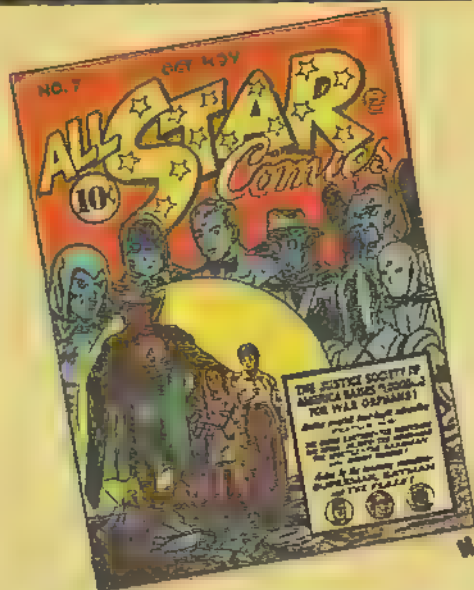
AT
LEAST
NOT TOO
MUCH!

NEXT
MORNING-

GOOD BYE,
HOUR
MAN!



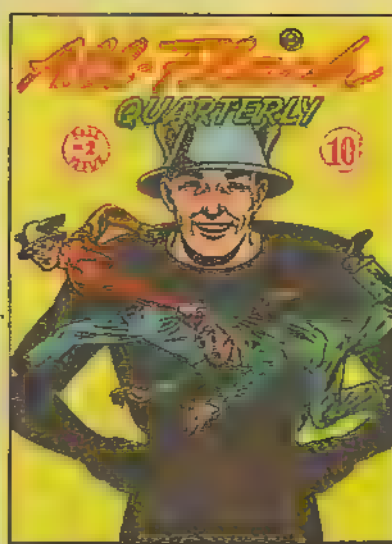
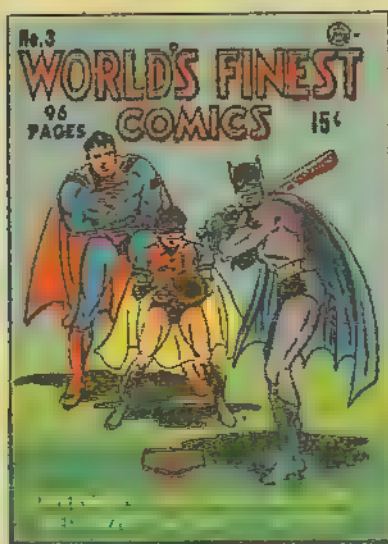
BERNARD BARRY



ACTION! THRILLS!

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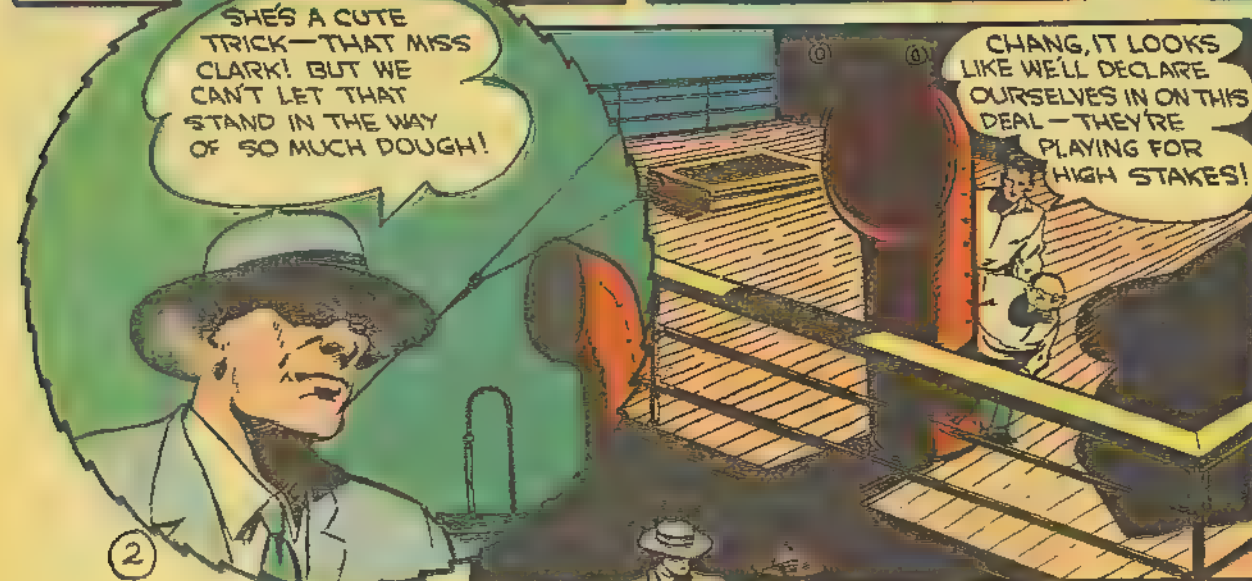
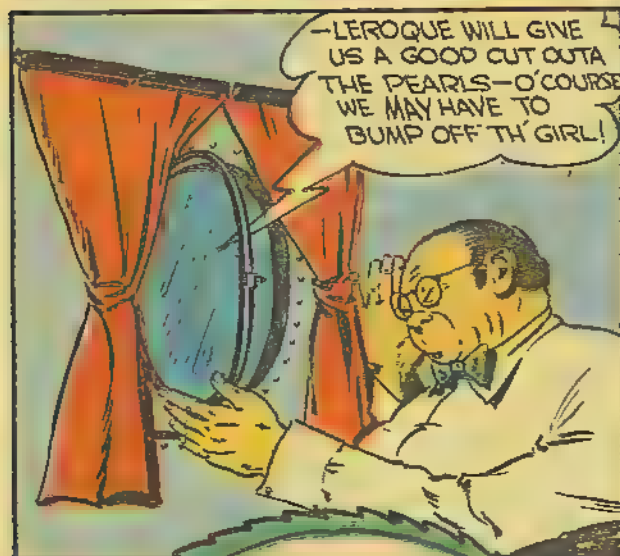
SEWE CONRAD

Adventurer — by Jack Lehm

THE SOUTH SEAS! HOME OF THE BEAUTIFUL, VERDANT ISLES AND CORAL REEFS WHERE THE PRICELESS PEARLS ARE FOUND AND WHERE MEN FIGHT AND KILL TO GAIN THESE FABULOUS TREASURES OF THE SEA—EVEN AS DOES ONE PIERRE LEROQUE, CRUEL AND CRAFTY TYRANT OF THE ISLAND OF TAGO-TAGO.

AND WHILE LEROQUE HOLDS THE ISLAND IN HIS EVIL GRIP, TWO OF HIS HENCHMEN, ABOARD A LINER, SPEED THROUGH THE NIGHT TO BRING HIM MORE EVIL RICHES TO FATTEN HIS CAREER OF CRIME!

REMEMBER!
WHEN THE GIRL
GOES DOWN THE
GANGPLANK AT TAGO-
TAGO, WE GOTTA BE
RIGHT BEHIND
HER!



NEXT MORNING AS THE
SHIP APPROACHES TAGO-TAGO



I'VE BEEN LYING
AWAKE ALL NIGHT,
CHANG, FIGURING
OUT A WAY TO TIP
OVER THE APPLE
CART ON THESE
CROOKS!



DID YOU
FIND OUT
WAY TO
FIX EVIL
GENTS, MIST'
STEVE?

I THINK SO! BEFORE
THIS SHIP REACHES
THE HARBOR OF
TAGO-TAGO, WE'RE
GOING TO SLIP
OVERBOARD!



BUT, MIST' STEVE!

THEN WE LEAVE
GIRL UNGUARDED AND
EVIL GENTS CAN
KIDSNATCH HER!



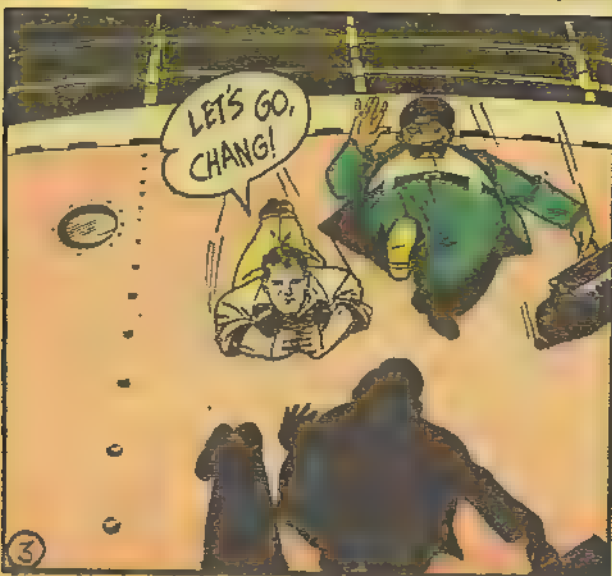
YES! BUT I KNOW
WHERE THIS
FELLOW LEROQUE'S
HANGOUT IS —
WE'LL GET THERE
FIRST!



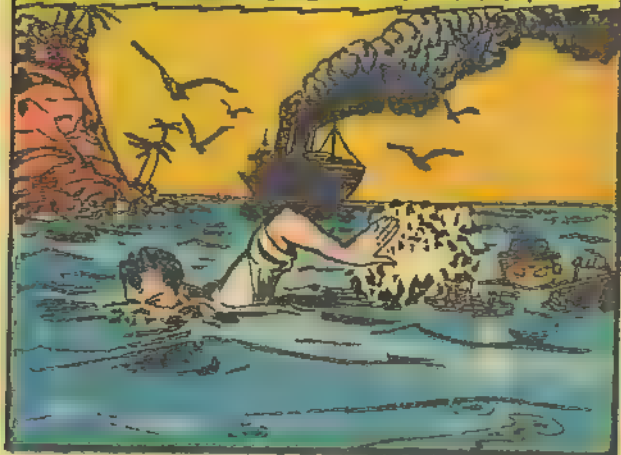
AS THE SHIP CLEARS
THE HEADLAND OF
TAGO-TAGO —

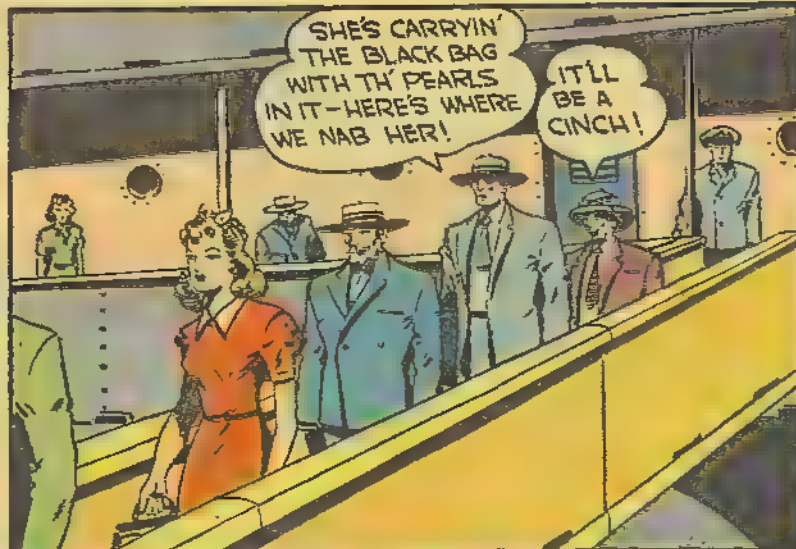
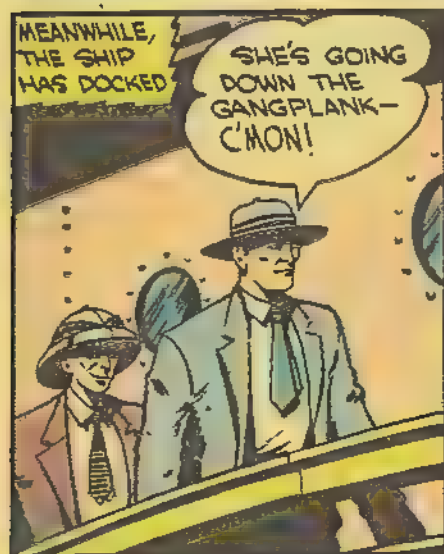


LET'S GO,
CHANG!



WHILE THE PASSENGERS' EYES ARE ON THE SCENIC
ISLE, CHANG AND STEVE SWIM UNNOTICED TO
SHORE, WHILE THE SHIP HEADS FOR THE HARBOR
ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE ISLAND!





MEANWHILE, AS THE
CARRIAGE SPEEDS
OVER THE JUNGLE
ROAD —



HERE'S
WHERE WE
GET OUT,
CHANG!



THERE'S
LEROQUE'S
PLACE —

HEY! WHAT
THAT GOIN' ON
DOWN THERE,
MIST' STEVE?



LIE TO ME, YOU
PEEG! I, PIERRE
LEROQUE, WEEL
SHOW YOU WHO EES
BOSS OF THEES ISLAND!



NOW, WHO'S
BOSS?



THANK YOU,
MASTER, FOR
SAVING ME!
HE BE YOUR
SLAVE FOR
LIFE!

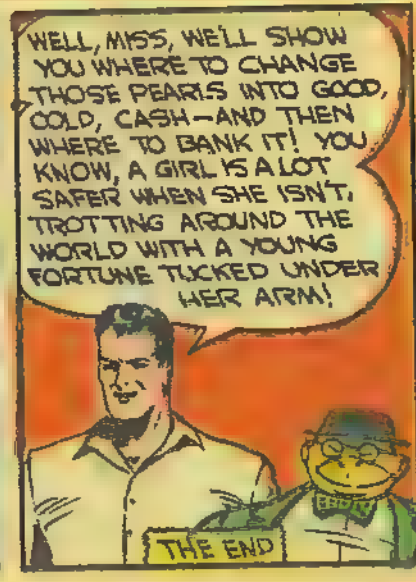
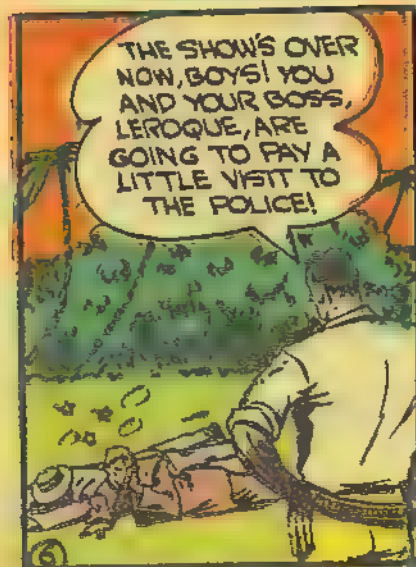
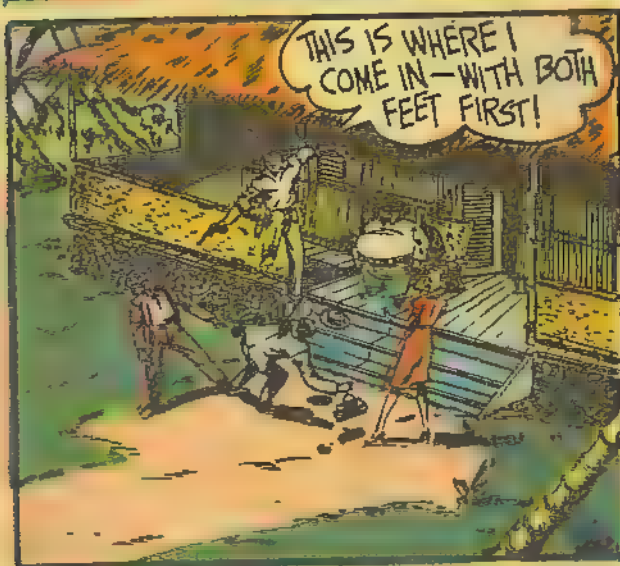


THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY,
BUT I THINK THAT I
CAN USE YOU — AND
IT'S A GOOD THING
THAT YOU'RE JUST AS
FAT AS LEROQUE,
CHANG — I'VE GOT
A PLAN!



A LITTLE LATER, AS THE
CARRIAGE REACHES
LEROQUE'S PLACE —





GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor
Children's Book Committee
Child Study Association of America

THE JINX SHOP.

By HOWARD PEASE.

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. \$.75

Seaman knew the tramp steamer *Congô* for an ill-fated ship. But Tod Moran was hard-pressed for a berth and he laughed at the stories of a "jinx" as he brushed aside the seamen's warnings and signed on as a wiper on the *Congo*.

Strange accidents began almost as the steamer cleared port, bound for the Caribbean. A gruesome murder, a mysteri-

ous cargo, and a motley crew suspicious of its officers made the voyage out tense with danger and foreboding.

At one tropic island port of call, Tod's determination and courage led him into a terrifying adventure and a narrow escape from torture and death at the hands of the voodoo tribesmen.

But before the *Congo* plunged to her doom in flaming ruin, Tod had solved the mystery of the jinx and won for himself a lifelong friend.

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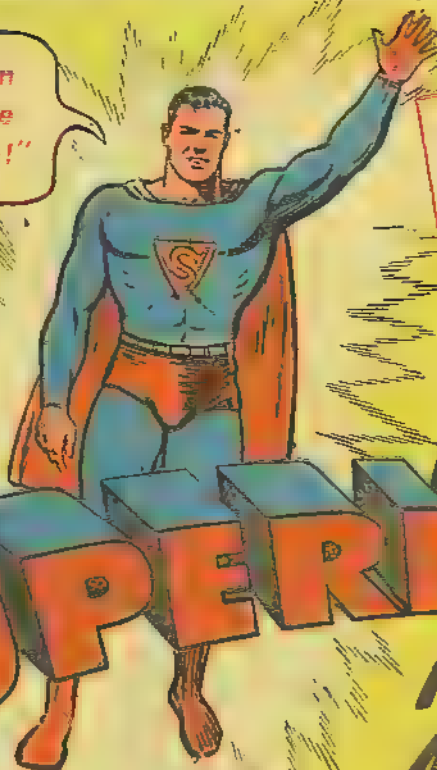
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SEE Superman rescue Lois from the mad-man who tried to rule the world!

SEE Superman hold up a skyscraper, twist the death ray into knots!

SUPERMAN

IS IN THE MOVIES!

Don't miss a single one of these Paramount Shorts in **TECHNICOLOR!**

FEDERAL MEN

SPIES! THE DESTROYERS OF MODERN CIVILIZATION!

STEVE CARSON, ACE F.B.I. AGENT IS RETURNING TO SAN FRANCISCO, WHERE HE HAS BEEN RELIEVING AGENTS ON VACATION.

WE TIMED IT JUST RIGHT. HERE SHE COMES NOW!

SHE SEES US. SHE'S SLOWING DOWN.

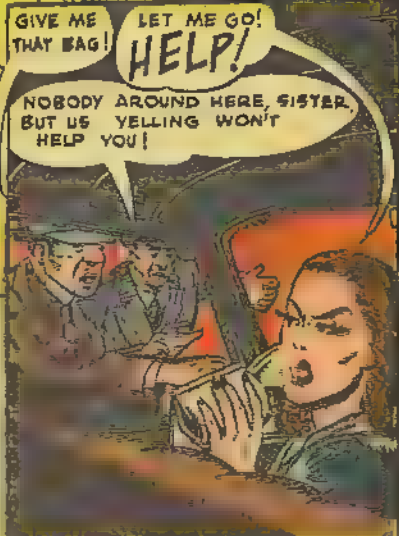


GIVE ME THAT BAG!

LET ME GO!

HELP!

NOBODY AROUND HERE, SISTER. BUT US YELLING WON'T HELP YOU!



YOU'LL HAVE TO GET IT IF YOU WANT IT.

OW! SHE SCRATCHED MY FACE!

SO YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE IT TOUGH?



THAT'LL HOLD YOU FOR A WHILE!

C'MON. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE. I GOT IT!





THE THIEVES
LEAP INTO THEIR
CAR AND
SWEEP DOWN
THE ROAD...



BUT THE SCENE WAS NOT GONE
UNNOTICED BY STEVE CARSON...

I WONDER WHAT THAT'S ALL
ABOUT? MAYBE I OUGHT
TO LOOK INTO IT.



WHAT HAPPENED,
MISS?
THEY..THEY STOLE MY...
MY BAG!



A LITTLE MORE GAS, AND I
THINK I CAN CATCH UP WITH
THEM!

STEVE'S CAR PURSUES THE
ROBBERS



NO USE HURRYING, BOYS.
I'M RIGHT WITH YOU!



ARE YOU GOING TO HAND
THAT BAG OVER, OR MUST
I TAKE IT AWAY FROM YOU?

HIT
HIM!



OOOH!

THAT'S GETTING RID
OF HIM! NOW, STEP
ON IT!

CLUNK!



AS STEVE NURSES HIS INJURED
HEAD, THE GIRL RACES BY.....

HEY! COME BACK HERE!
I'VE GOT YOUR BAG.

I'LL HAVE TO RETURN IT TO HER. MAYBE HER ADDRESS IS INSIDE. --- GOSH! WHAT'S THIS? MY OFFICE PHONE NUMBER IS WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF THIS ENVELOPE



BACK IN HIS OFFICE, STEVE PUZZLES OVER THE LETTER.

THIS IS FROM ARMY INTELLIGENCE, ASKING A MISS BAIRD TO MEET LEUTENANT KINCAID AT THE GLOVER HOTEL.



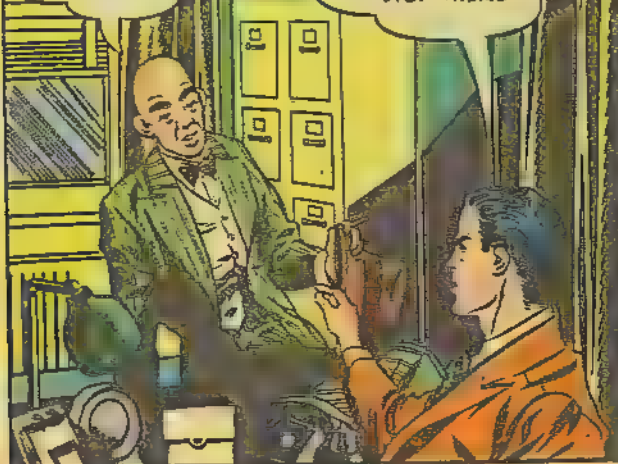
MR. CARSON? I'M JAMES WILBUR. HAS MISS ANN BAIRD ARRIVED YET?

ANN BAIRD? COME IN. TELL ME MORE.



HER FATHER, DOCTOR BAIRD, THE CHEMIST, SAID I WAS TO MEET ANN HERE AND TAKE HER TO THE GLOVER

REALLY? DOC BAIRD'S AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE. I'D BETTER CALL THE GLOVER. ANN MAY HAVE MADE A STOP THERE



SORRY, CARSON, BUT THAT'S THE LAST PLACE YOU'RE GOING TONIGHT



LATER....

OH, MY HEAD! HOW DID I FALL FOR AN OLD TRICK LIKE THAT? I MUST GET TO THAT HOTEL



WHY I---I...

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

YES, WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?



AS STEVE RUSHES INTO THE MEETING PLACE..

I'M SORRY, I'M STEVE CARSON, F.B.I. AGENT. I THOUGHT THIS LADY WAS IN DANGER.

STEVE CARSON? WHY, NO, EVERYTHING IS FINE. THIS IS LEUTENANT KINCAID. I'M ANN BAIRD.

GLAD TO KNOW YOU, CARSON. SO YOU'RE PROTECTING US FROM SPIES?





THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, CARSON, BUT WE'RE ALL THROUGH. NOW IF MISS BAIRD WILL GIVE ME THE PLANS, I'LL TAKE THEM TO WASHINGTON.

JUST A MOMENT, MISS BAIRD. HAS KINCAID SHOWN YOU HIS CREDENTIALS?

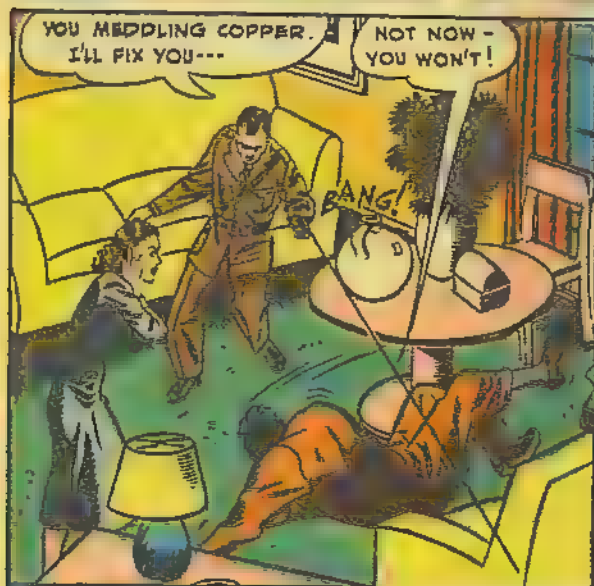


WHAT IS THIS?

E-E-EK--
LOOK!



THE PLANS---NO---DON'T GIVE HIM THE PLANS---



YOU MEDDLING COPPER. I'LL FIX YOU---

NOT NOW - YOU WON'T!

CRASH!



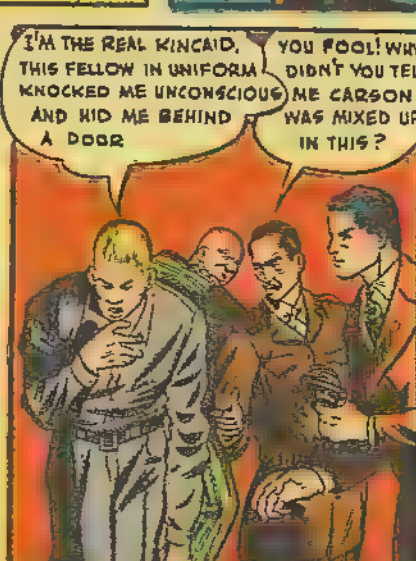
STEVE--
LOOK OUT
BEHIND YOU!

CRASH!



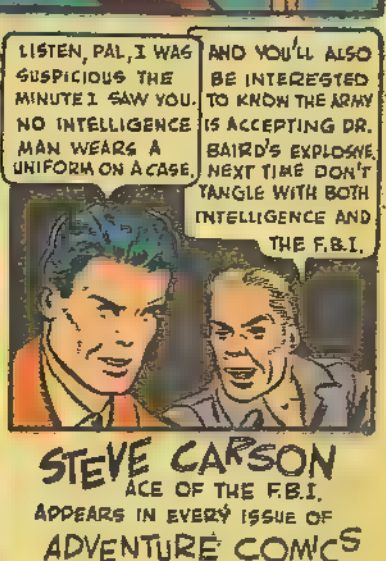
STEVE GRABS THE INTRUDER, APPLIES A JU-JITSU GRIP!

WILBUR! SO WE MEET AGAIN.



I'M THE REAL KINCAID. THIS FELLOW IN UNIFORM KNOCKED ME UNCONSCIOUS AND HID ME BEHIND A DOOR

YOU FOOL! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME CARSON WAS MIXED UP IN THIS?



LISTEN, PAL, I WAS SUSPICIOUS THE MINUTE I SAW YOU. NO INTELLIGENCE MAN WEARS A UNIFORM ON A CASE.

AND YOU'LL ALSO BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THE ARMY IS ACCEPTING DR. BAIRD'S EXPLOSIVE. NEXT TIME DON'T TANGLE WITH BOTH INTELLIGENCE AND THE F.B.I.

STEVE CARSON
ACE OF THE F.B.I.
APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF
ADVENTURE COMICS

PAST PERFORMANCE

• BY •

NORMAN GOSS



Teddy, excited, said: "He's over there behind the boulder. Gramps, he's shooting at us!"

Age fell miraculously from the old man as he pushed the lad behind the protective safety of the tin lizzie. His hand went greedily into the shell box and bird shot was hastily stuffed into the waiting breech of the ancient firearm. Teddy was whispering excitedly: "We will get him, Gramps, and get the reward."

Gramps sighted the gun and fired. The next minute a hoarse laugh echoed from behind the boulder and a rough voice cried out:

"Listen, old man I don't want to hurt you and the kid. I only want your clothes. I could have killed you. Put down that gun. You know I can keep out of range of birdshot."

Gramps' heart sank. Blackie James had proved his knowledge of guns. He was right. Nevertheless, the old man fired again.

Whee! Blackie's bullet splattered against the side of the vehicle. He could be seen plainly now, still out of the bird shot pattern. He was aiming again.

Another shot! Gramps bit his lip. Blackie was playing with him and Teddy as a cat plays with a mouse. If only he had some shotgun shells.

Teddy was looking at him anxiously. Blackie's voice came over: "I'm going to get you in a minute, old man. Better give up." A gasp came from Gramps as his fingers fumbled for the shells. "Drat those fishlines," he muttered. Then he stopped and thrust the gun into Teddy's hands. "Keep firing at him, son," he said. "I got something to do." Already, his pocket knife was out.

Teddy fired. Blackie, full-length now, stepped warily out of the circle; he moved in for the kill, rifle ready. Gramps' fingers snatched the gun from Teddy's hand.

Blackie moved back a step as it went off.

A cry burst from his lips and he pitched headlong, his rifle barrel grooving the dust ahead of his plowing body. When Gramps and Teddy got to him, he was dead.

IT WAS a hot, dusty day and Gramps wished that he and Teddy hadn't come down from the mountains and the lake trout. Heat waves shimmered before, around, and on the ancient car as it wheezed along. Teddy gazed pensively at the landscape, his hand tightly clasp- ing the old twelve gauge shotgun he had insisted on bringing along with the fishing tackle.

"Still thinking of that escaped convict, Teddy?" Gramps asked. For three days now posses had been scouring the hills and the countryside for Blackie James who had made a daring break from State Prison.

The boy didn't realize, or else ignored, his grandfather's jesting tone. Seriously, he replied:

"The radio said everybody should be on the lookout for him and he would be recognized by his prison clothes."

Gramps smiled again. The wheel was hot under his hands as the car crawled along, lizard-like. "Gosh, Teddy," he said. "Like as not that desperado is in the East some place by now. And all dressed up like a gentleman." He reached toward the seat and grunted as his hand came in contact with a fishhook. "Law-a-mighty," he protested. "I wish you'd put those fishlines in the back, Teddy. Every time I reach for a chew of tobacco, I use my hand for bait."

Yellowed teeth, all four of them, tugged at the obstinate tobacco. It finally yielded and Gramps was just setting it back when a loud report sounded. The old man said: "Seems like we have a blow-out." His foot worried the car to a stop.

The rear left wheel had blown out. Gramps bent down. Whee—! His ears knew the sound, a Winchester 30-30! The tire had been shot open!

The boy looked wonderingly at his Gramps. Teddy, too, knew guns: "I can't understand it, Gramps. He was out of range of the bird shot."

Gramps smiled, pulled the remnant of the lead sinker from his pocket and said: "The lead from this sinker, son, made good pellets. I put them into the bird shot case—and Mr Blackie made the mistake of still thinking it bird shot, instead of buckshot!"

The End

CLEAN-UP

by John Hilton

TIM Preston knew that Big Lefty's mob was doing the hold-up the minute he saw Willie Salvo standing outside the bank. Only for an instant did Willie's shifty eyes rest on the reporter's face, then they darted off, as did their owner.

There was a rattle of gunfire as the four masked men raced from the bank, guns in one hand, in the other the loot that had cost a cashier his life.

By the time police arrived, the men had made a clean getaway.

★ ★ ★

The evening papers were loaded with the story, but only Tim's "Blade" carried the oblique reference that it might have been Big Lefty's mob.

Tim had intended to investigate further. The time was close to midnight and he was heading for his favorite diner.

"You can walk along, buddy, and walk quiet." The words were cold and menacing and Tim felt the gun barrel dig into his ribs. A man on each side of him, he went into the big black sedan.

They didn't blindfold Tim. He knew the neighborhood in which the car stopped, East Craven, over by the river. It was Tim's old beat when he covered police precinct houses.

He wasn't surprised when he saw Big Lefty. Willie was with him. He had half suspected Willie would tell the mobster a reporter had seen him.

Big Lefty glowered at Tim. "Gonna keep your trap shut, or are you gonna take a couple slugs? You saw Willie around the bank today."

Tim's gaze was stony. "I know a man was killed. And I know his death should be paid for."

Big Lefty got to his feet. "You stick here until we figure out what'll we do with you"

Two days later, Big Lefty still hadn't figured out Tim's fate. Once, he got to his feet, opened the bags of currency. "Look at this," he yelled. "All this dough and we can't touch it. Nice clean, fresh dough." He tugged at his shirt. "And we gotta wear these filthy things."

Tim, working a cross word puzzle, looked up intently. "Lefty," he drawled, "you should send them to the laundry." He whipped off his shirt. "Here's mine. I got two dollars and that will pay for everything."

"He's right," one of the mobsters said. "Let's get these things cleaned. We're not leaving here for a while." He threw his shirt to Tim, who started wrapping them in newspaper. Willie Salvo took them out.

A half hour passed. Suddenly, there was the sound of tramping feet on the wooden stairs outside, followed by a rapping on the door.

Lefty jumped to his feet, gun ready for action. "Who's there?" A voice boomed: "The law. Open up!" Lefty's answer was derisive. The next minute he slumped to the floor as machine gun bullets chattered.

A red axe split the door and police poured in. When Big Lefty fell, the fight went out of the mob. Captain Casey ran over. "Tim, lad," he said. "We were worried about you. Thank goodness we got your message."

"Message?" asked Willie Salvo. "How could he send a message? He ain't left here."

"You see, Willie," Tim said. "I happened to remember Joe Ellis, the laundry man is a cross word puzzle fan. So I wrapped the shirts which carried the puzzle page, a note to send police!"

The End.

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**PAUL
KIRK**

MANHUNTER



by
ED MOORE

OVER 140,000 AMERICANS A YEAR RECEIVE A PITIFUL LETTER FROM A SPANISH OR LATIN-AMERICAN "BANKER" WHO HAS BEEN IMPRISONED AND FINED FOR BANKRUPTCY. IF THE MONEY FOR THE FINE IS SENT, THE BANKER PROMISES TO SHARE A SECRET TREASURE WITH HIS BENEFACITOR.....

PAUL KIRK HAS A CALLER AT HIS OFFICE—

THAT
LETTER TELLS
MY STORY—
BETTER THAN
I CAN—

"SPANISH BANKER.....THREE YEARS
IN PRISON.....\$3600 FINE....."
IT'S THE "SPANISH SWINDLE"!!



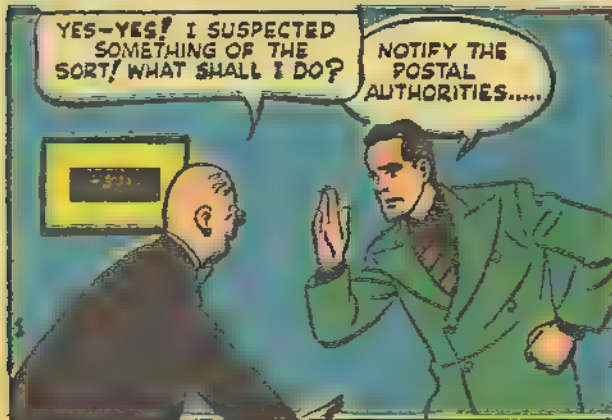
HUH??
WH-WHAT-?

A CONFIDENCE GAME! YOU'RE ASKED
TO PAY HIS FINE—AND ON HIS RELEASE
YOU ARE TO RECEIVE HALF OF A
TRUNKFUL OF TREASURE NOW CHECKED
IN A U.S. CUSTOMHOUSE. THE TREASURE,
OF COURSE, DOESN'T EXIST!



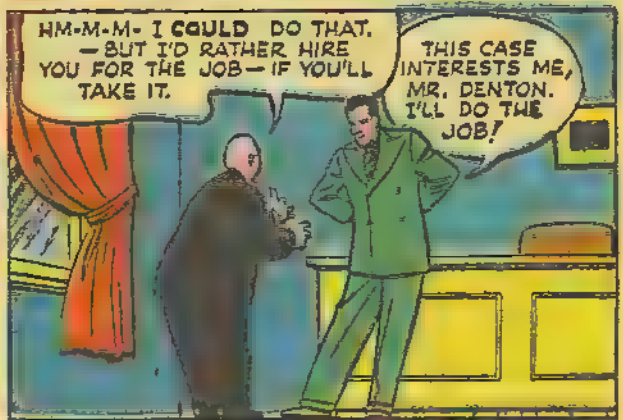
YES—YES! I SUSPECTED
SOMETHING OF THE
SORT! WHAT SHALL I DO?

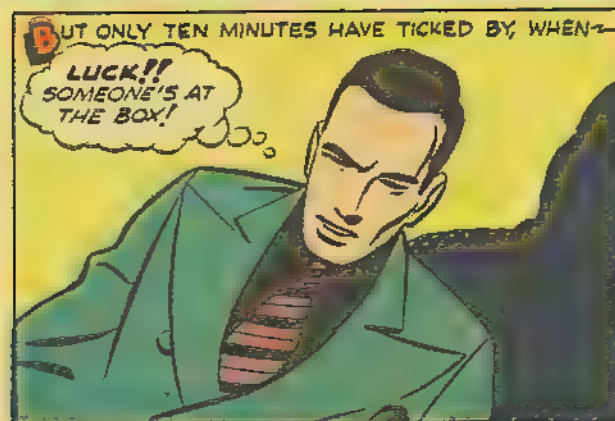
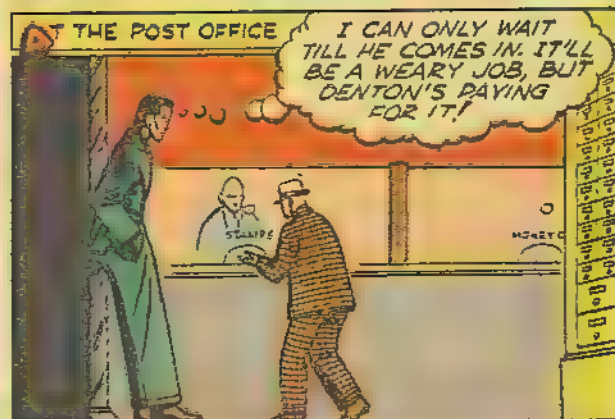
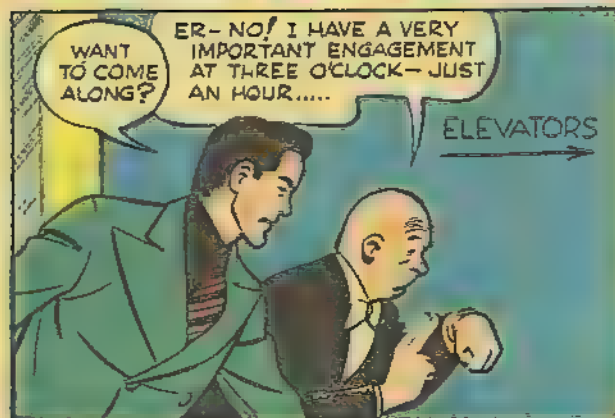
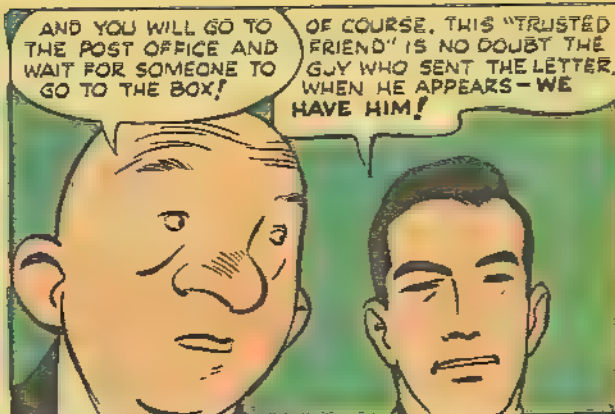
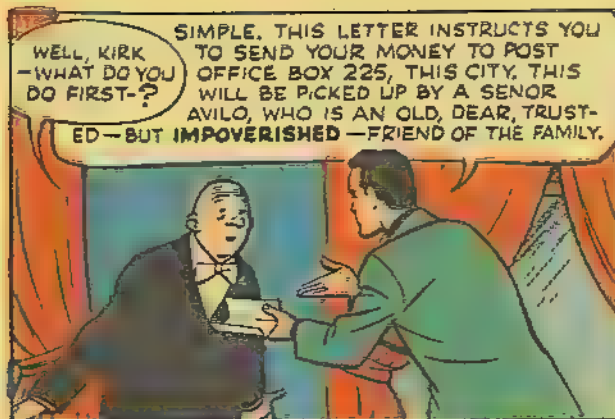
NOTIFY THE
POSTAL
AUTHORITIES.....

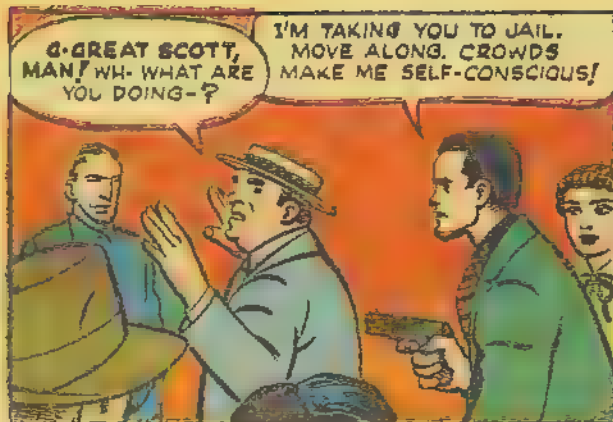


HM-M-M- I COULD DO THAT.
— BUT I'D RATHER HIRE
YOU FOR THE JOB— IF YOU'LL
TAKE IT.

THIS CASE
INTERESTS ME,
MR. DENTON.
I'LL DO THE
JOB!







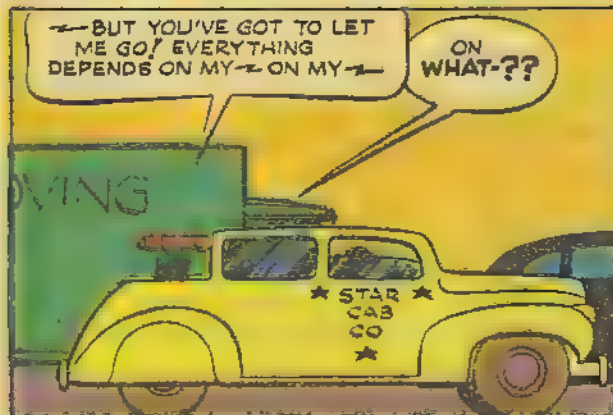
G-GREAT SCOTT, MAN! WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING-?

I'M TAKING YOU TO JAIL. MOVE ALONG. CROWDS MAKE ME SELF-CONSCIOUS!



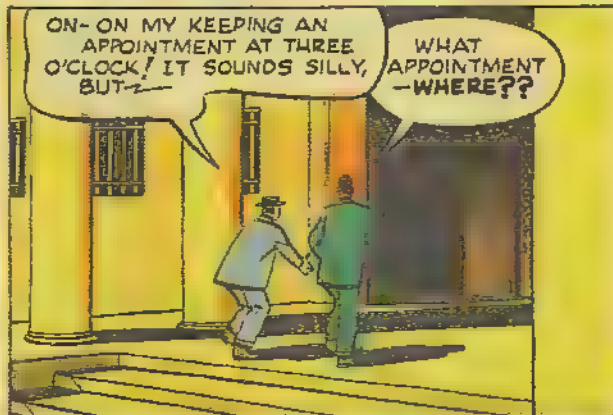
B-BUT THIS IS A-A TERRIBLE MISTAKE! THEY ALL SAY THAT!

I MEAN IT! I SWEAR IT!! LOOK-I-I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'VE ARRESTED ME-. AT FIRST, I DIDN'T EVEN THINK YOU WERE THE POLICE- BUT--



--BUT YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME GO! EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON MY-- ON MY--

ON WHAT-??



ON-ON MY KEEPING AN APPOINTMENT AT THREE O'CLOCK! IT SOUNDS SILLY, BUT--

WHAT APPOINTMENT--WHERE??

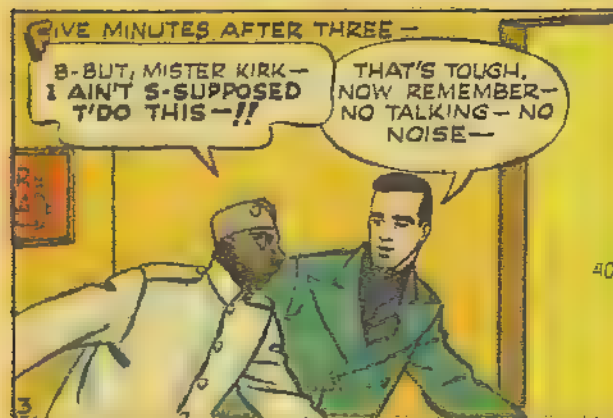


ROOM 404
-HOTEL
NEWBERRY-

GEORGE- LOCK THIS GUY UP FOR SAFE KEEPING. CHARGE HIM WITH RESISTING ARREST-



PAL-I'LL KEEP YOUR APPOINTMENT FOR YOU. IF YOUR ARREST WAS A MISTAKE, AS YOU'RE TRYING TO MAKE ME BELIEVE, I'LL FIND IT OUT. I THINK THAT'S GIVING YOU AN EVEN BREAK. GOOD BYE.



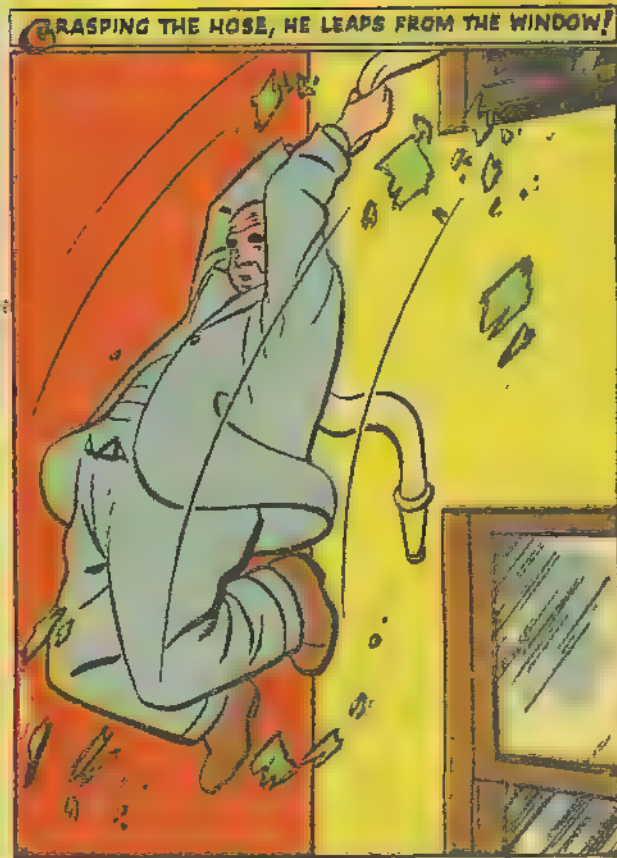
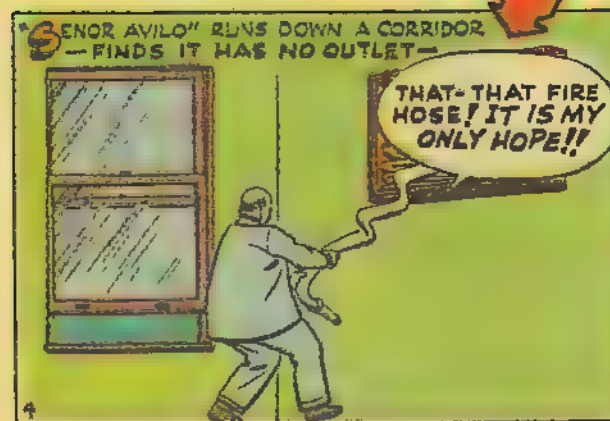
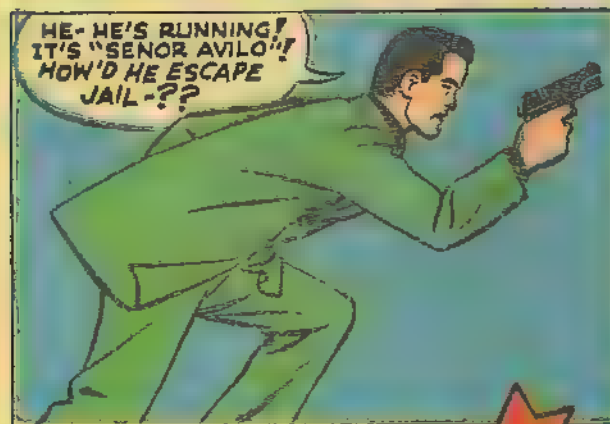
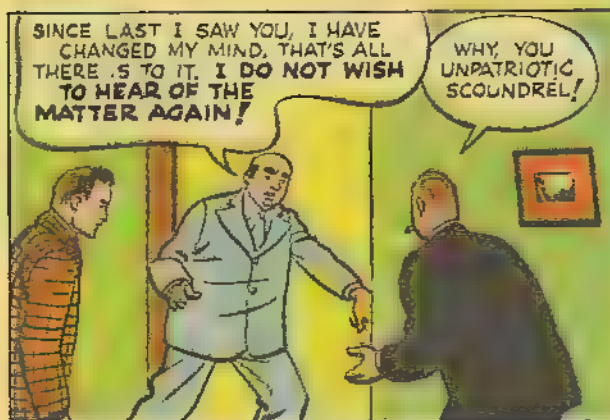
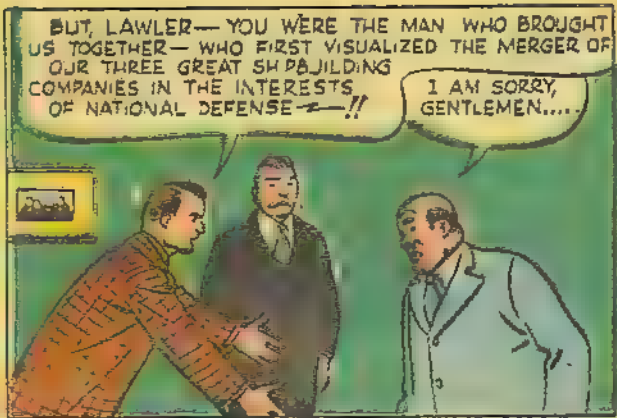
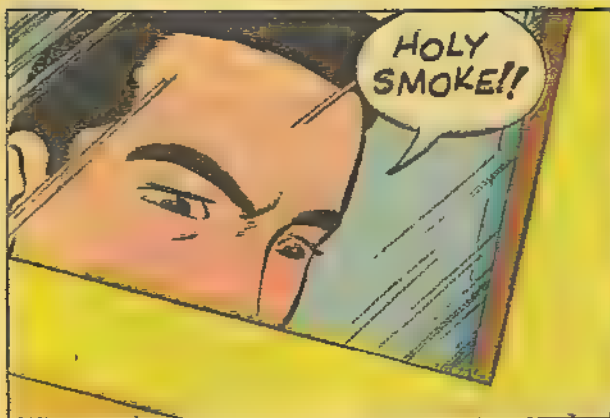
FIVE MINUTES AFTER THREE -

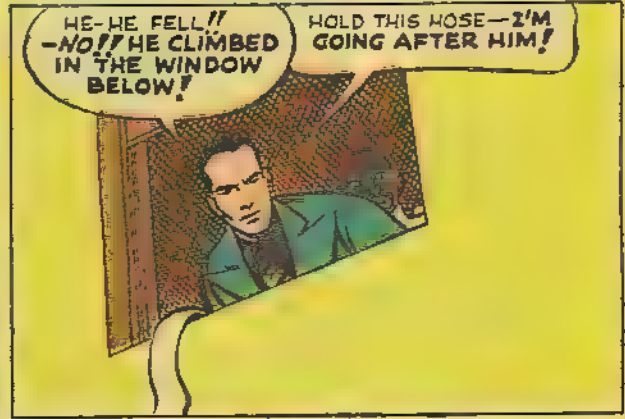
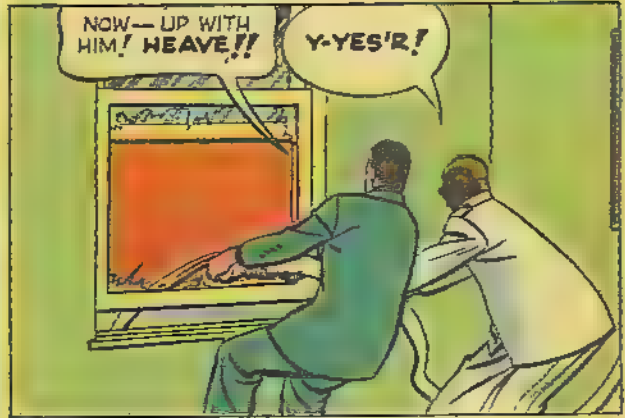
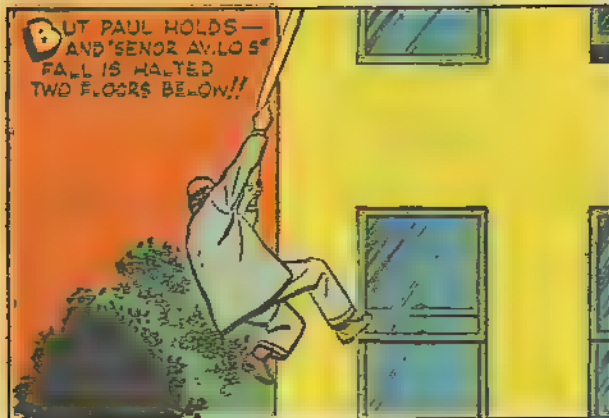
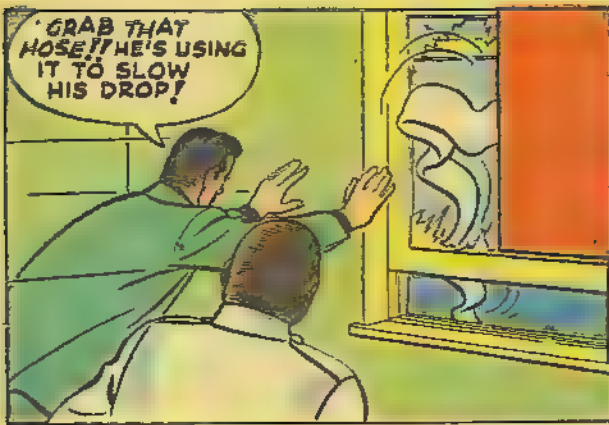
B-BUT, MISTER KIRK-- I AIN'T S-SUPPOSED T'DO THIS--!!

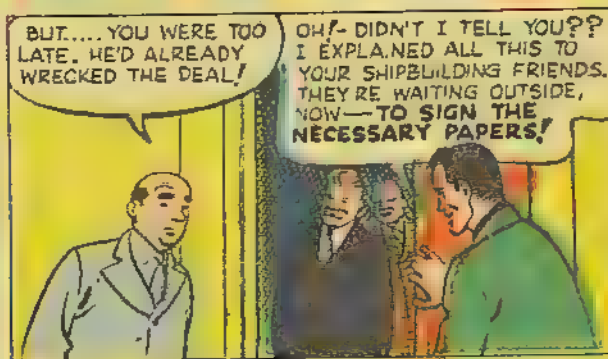
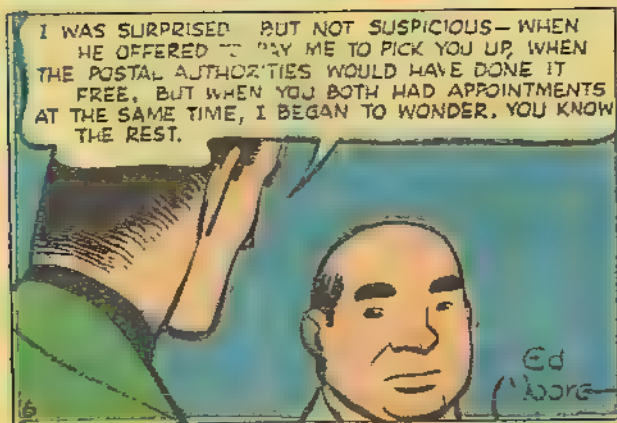
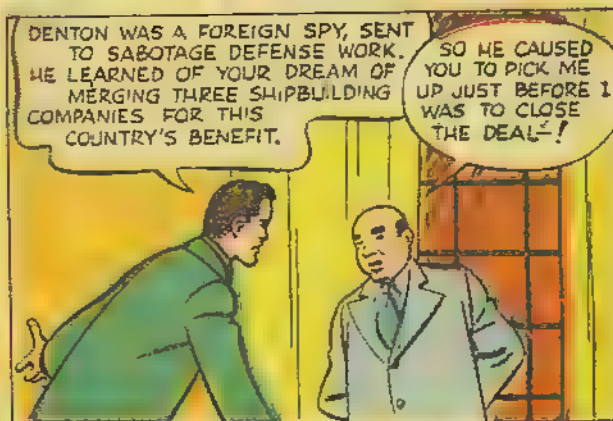
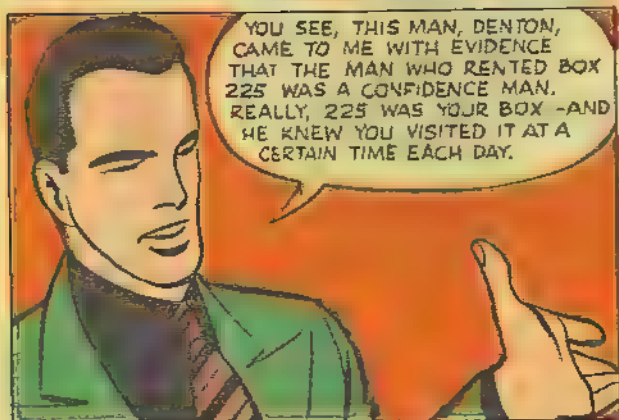
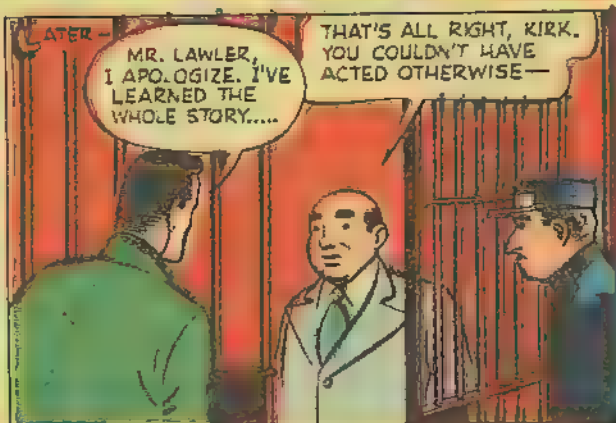
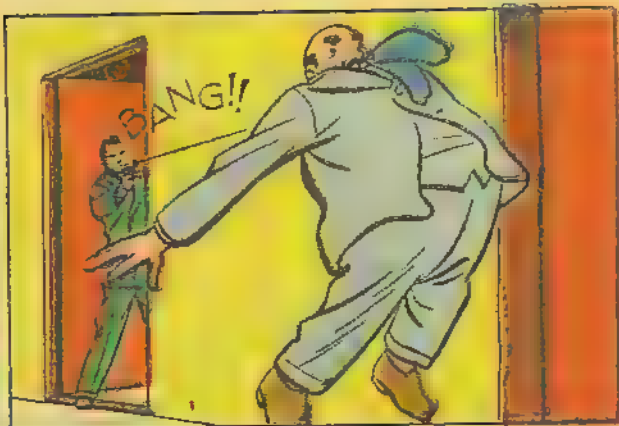
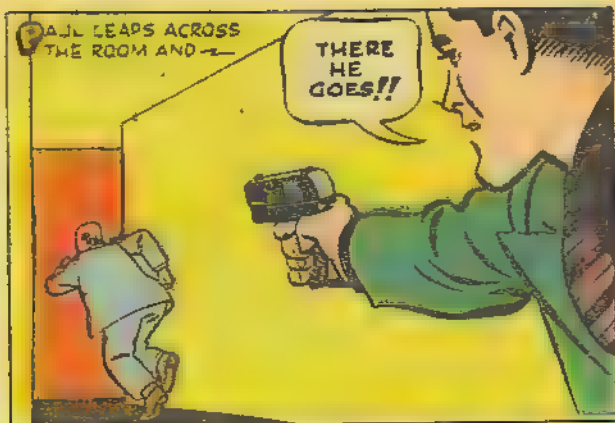
THAT'S TOUGH, NOW REMEMBER-- NO TALKING-- NO NOISE--



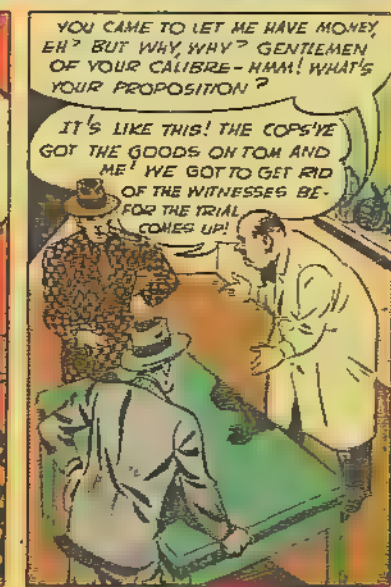
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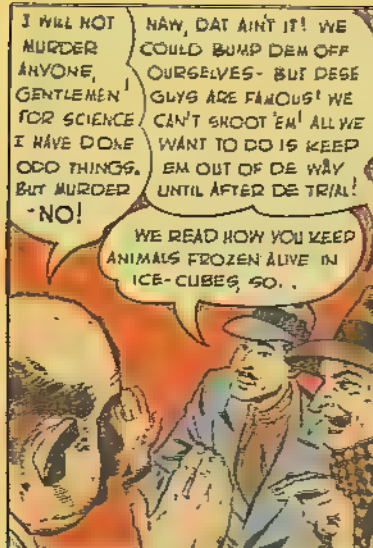






THE MANHUNTER, PAUL KIRK, FIGHTS CRIME EACH MONTH IN ADVENTURE COMICS!





I WILL NOT
MURDER
ANYONE,
GENTLEMEN!
FOR SCIENCE
I HAVE DONE
ODD THINGS.
BUT MURDER
-NO!

HAH, DAT AINT IT! WE
COULD BUMP DEM OFF
OURSELVES- BUT DESE
GUYS ARE FAMOUS! WE
CAN'T SHOOT 'EM! ALL WE
WANT TO DO IS KEEP
EM OUT OF DE WAY
UNTIL AFTER DE TRIAL!

WE READ HOW YOU KEEP
ANIMALS FROZEN ALIVE IN
ICE-CUBES, SO...

HA! YOU WANT ME TO FREEZE YOUR
LIABILITIES FOR YOU, EH? ALL RIGHT,
I'LL DO IT- FOR THE MONEY I NEED
TO KEEP ON WITH MY EXPERIMENTS!
BRING YOUR VICTIMS-ALIVE!- TO ME
AT THE ICE-HOUSE ON MILL LAKE! I
WILL AWAIT YOU THERE!



DIG IS DE ONLY WITNESS
TO DE CRIMES! WE'LL SHUDDLE
HIM OUT TO MILL LAKE -

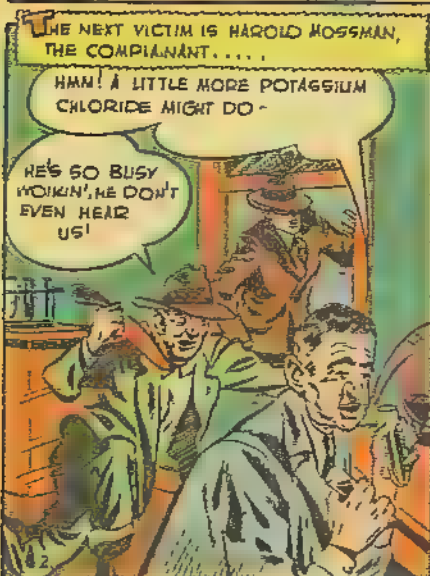
OWWP!



THE UNDERWORLD STRIKES
SWIFLY AND SURELY...

DIG'S DE FINGER-
PRINT EXPERT WHO'S
GOT DE RECORDS
ABOUT TOM
AND SAM -

CRACK!



THE NEXT VICTIM IS HAROLD MOSSMAN,
THE COMPLAINANT....

HAH! A LITTLE MORE POTASSIUM
CHLORIDE MIGHT DO -

HE'S SO BUSY
WOIKIN', HE DON'T
EVEN HEAR
US!

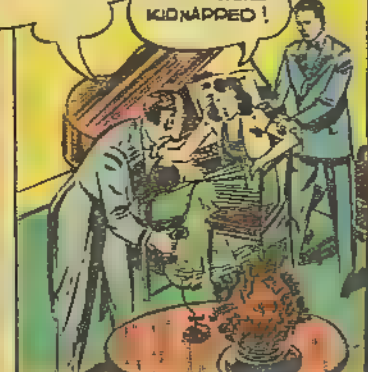


HURRY UP! DIG IS DE LAST GUY
DAT ERNST HAS GOT TO WOIK ON!
ALL DE REST OF DE WITNESSES
AND EXPOITS'RE IN ICE
BY NOW!

SEVERAL MILES FROM THE
MOSSMAN RESIDENCE, DISTRICT
ATTORNEY BELMONT MAKES A
PHONE CALL...

JUST LIKE HAROLD!
HE'S SUPPOSED TO COME
TO MY DINNER PARTY AND
HE'S LATE! I'M TRYING TO
GET HIM, BUT HIS
LINE'S DEAD!

DO YOU THINK HE'S
BEEN KIDNAPPED?
ALL THOSE OTHER
MEN CONNECTED
WITH THAT SAM SAM
CASE-WERE
KIDNAPPED!



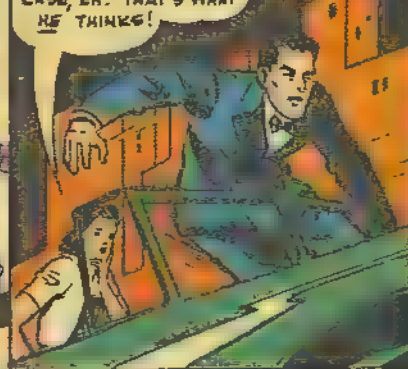
WELL
WHAT'RE
YOU UP
TO?

IT'S A HUNCH THE SANDMAN OUGHT
TO STEP INTO THIS CASE! SOMETHING
IS HAPPENING TO A LOT OF HONEST
MEN JUST BECAUSE THEY DARE
BRING ACTION AGAINST A CROOK.



IT'S TIME SOMEBODY TAUGHT THOSE
CROOKS A LESSON! TAUGHT THEM TO
RESPECT HONEST MEN! I'M GOING
AFTER THEM AS THE SANDMAN!

OH! I'M TO BE
LEFT OUT OF THIS
CASE, EH? THAT'S WHAT
HE THINKS!



OWNING THE SANDMAN COSTUME
THAT HE KEEPS IN HIS CAR, WAS RACES
SWIFTLY TO THE MOSSMAN HOME -

THAT CAR! POSSIBLY THE CAR
OF THE KIDNAPERS'.
I'LL FOLLOW IT!



THE TRAIL LEADS TO THE OLD ICE-HOUSE

THEY HAVE MOSSMAN WITH THEM! I'LL
BREAK THIS UP FAST ENOUGH, ALL RIGHT!



INSIDE THE ICE-HOUSE, THE SANDMAN IS
STARTLED BY THE EERIE SETTING!

MEN ENCASED IN ICE! NOT A BAD
IDEA FOR KEEPING THEM OUT OF
THE WAY FOR A WHILE - BUT STILL, NOT
GOOD ENOUGH!



SWELL PLACE TO TRY ICE-SKATING!
EVEN THE GROUND IS ICY!

OOOPS!

WHO LET
YOU IN?



GLAD I MET UP WITH YOU BOYS!
I NEED SOME EXERCISE TO
KEEP WARM IN THIS
PLACE!





AS THE ICE-CUBE SAID
TO THE REFRIGERATOR-"I'M
JUST A FEW DROPS OF
WATER GETTING
TOUGH!"



IT - IT'S THE SANDMAN!
I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM -
OR OUR GOOSE IS COOKED!

HE - HE'S
QUITE A FIGHTER,
ISN'T HE?
WHAT HE'S DOING
TO THOSE MEN!



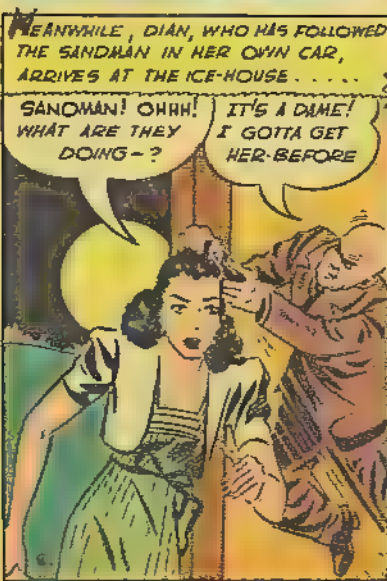
SAM FIRES FROM BEHIND AND
THE SANDMAN PLUNGES TO THE
FLOOR!

I GOT HIM!
I GOT HIM!
NOW WE'LL STICK
HIM IN AN ICE-CUBE,
TOO... ONLY HE
WON'T EVER GET
RELEASED
FROM IT!



HOLD HIM STEADY! THAT SHOT
ONLY GRAZED HIS TEMPLE - SO
HE MIGHT COME TO!

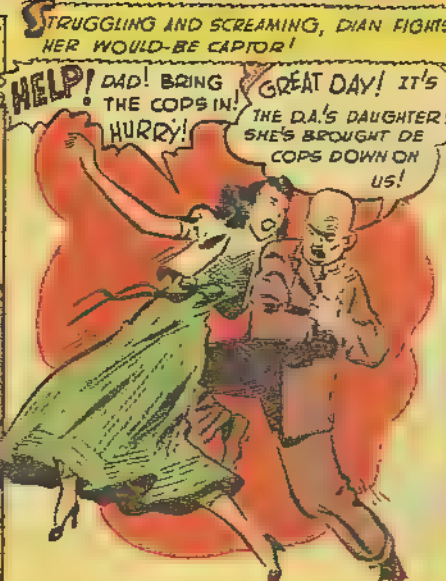
I GO-GOT
HIM!



MEANWHILE, DIAN, WHO HAS FOLLOWED
THE SANDMAN IN HER OWN CAR,
ARRIVES AT THE ICE-HOUSE.

SANDMAN! OHHH!
WHAT ARE THEY
DOING - ?

IT'S A DAME!
I GOTTA GET
HER BEFORE



STRUGGLING AND SCREAMING, DIAN FIGHTS
HER WOULD-BE CAPTOR!

HELP! DAD! BRING
THE COPS IN!
HURRY!

GREAT DAY! IT'S
THE D.A.'S DAUGHTER!
SHE'S BROUGHT DE
COPS DOWN ON
US!



THE-THE POLICE!
WE'VE GOT TO GET
AWAY!

YOUSE SAID IT!
WE'LL GO DOWN
TO SAM'S PLACE!

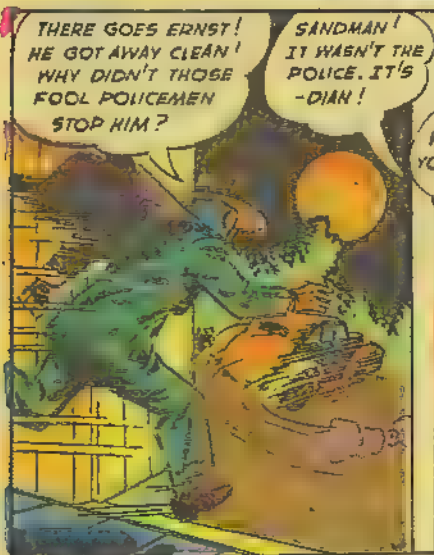
YEAH! I GOT MY BOYS
ALL THERE! DEY WON'T
GET US DERE!



HOLD ON! I WANT A FEW WORDS WITH ONE OF YOU!

NOT ME! I AIN'T AN INTERESTING CONVERSATIONIST!

YOU JUST SAID A-MOUTHEFUL!



THERE GOES ERNST! HE GOT AWAY CLEAN! WHY DIDN'T THOSE FOOL POLICEMEN STOP HIM?

SANDMAN! IT WASN'T THE POLICE. IT'S -DIAN!

SO YOU HAD TO FOLLOW ME, EH? WELL, THANK GOODNESS YOU DID! YOU DISTRACTED THEM LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO GET OUT OF THAT CUTE LITTLE ICE-CUBE MAKER!

WHAT ABOUT THAT MAN YOU CAPTURED? WILL HE TALK?



I THINK HE WILL!

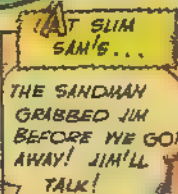
YOU BETCHA I WILL! I DON'T WANT TO GET SLUGGED AGAIN BY YOU! ERNST IS RUNNIN' WITH TOUGH TOM THOMAS, WHO HANGS OUT AT SLIM SAM'S, DOWN IN THE LOWER EAST SIDE...



SLIM SAM'S! I KNOW THE PLACE! -

LET'S GO!

I'M RIGHT WITH YOU, BIG BOY!



AT SLIM SAM'S...

THE SANDMAN GRABBED JIM BEFORE WE GOT AWAY! JIM'LL TALK!

SURE, LET HIM. WE'LL BE PREPARED FOR THE SANDMAN IF HE COMES HERE, WON'T WE, SAM?

YOU BET! THE BOYS ARE READY RIGHT NOW!





WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

SEE THOSE MEN? EACH ONE OF THEM IS A DEAD STOT! THEY'RE PLACED SO THAT THERE ARE NO BLIND SPOTS THROUGH WHICH THE SANDMAN MIGHT ENTER THIS BUILDING!



NOW LET THE SANDMAN COME, EH, ERNST?

I GUESS WE HAVE BEEN STOPPED COLD, THIS TIME!



THOSE WINDOWS ARE CROCKFUL OF GUNMEN, ALL GOT TO BLAST ME INTO RIBBONS! KHM. THERE MUST BE A WAY IN THERE IF I CAN ONLY FIGURE IT OUT!

NOT FROM THE FRONT—



THE REAR IS WELL PROTECTED — AND SO IS THE ROOF!

HOW ABOUT THE CELLAR? NO, YOU COULDN'T GET NEAR ENOUGH TO THE WINDOWS TO CRAWL IN—



SHIELD? SURE! THIS — THIS PIECE OF SCRIP IRON HERE! IF I COULD WORK SOME ROPE AROUND IT — IF WE ONLY HAD A SHIELD OF SOME SORT!



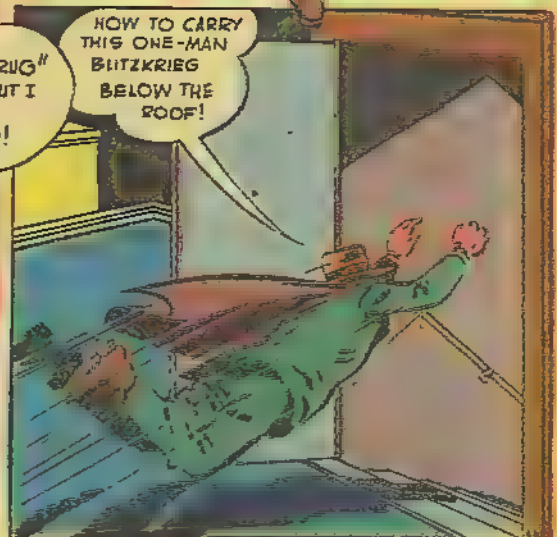
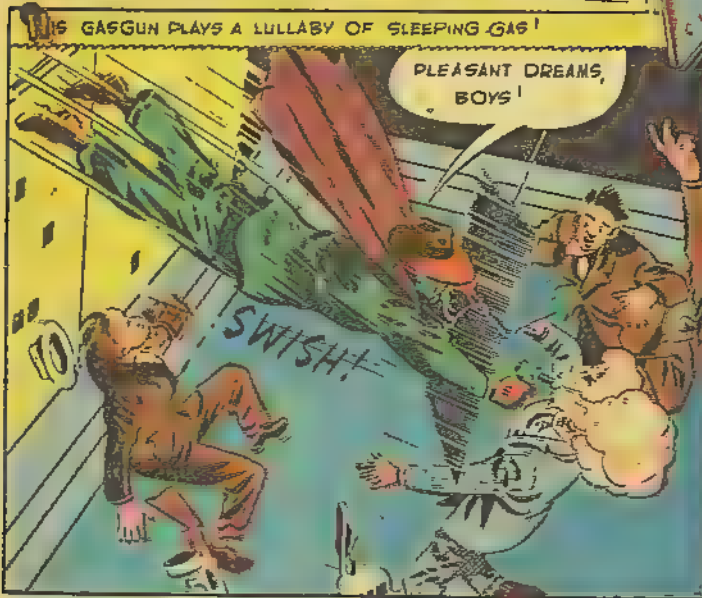
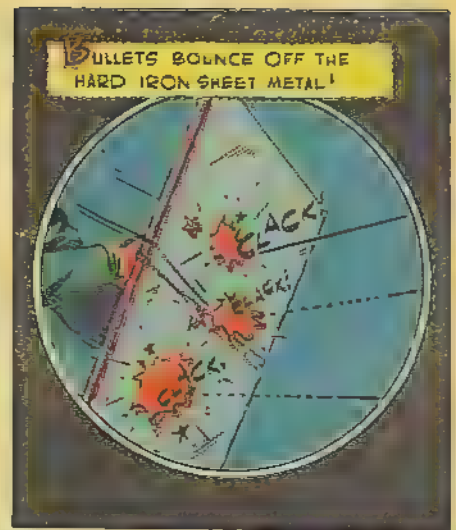
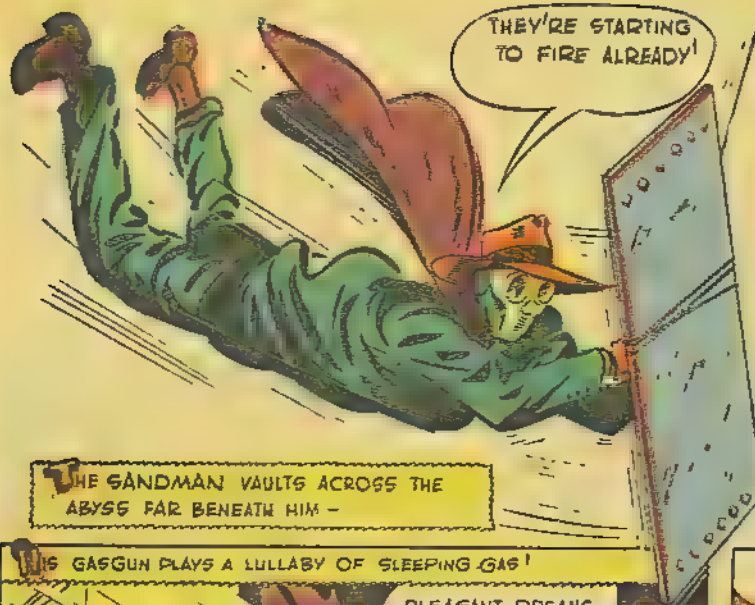
QUICKLY AND SILENTLY THE SANDMAN BENDS TO HIS TASK —

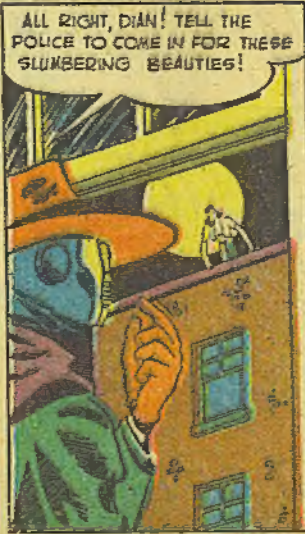
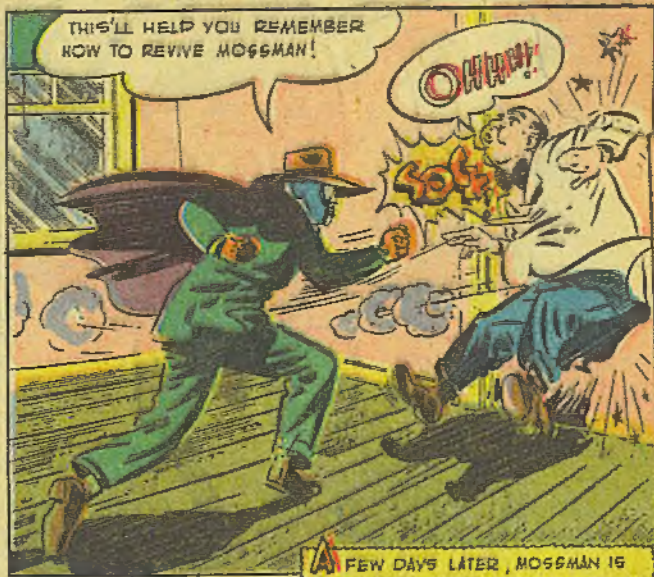
THESE STRIPS OF CABLE FROM MY WIREPOON WILL HOLD IT SECURELY ON MY ARM — I HOPE!



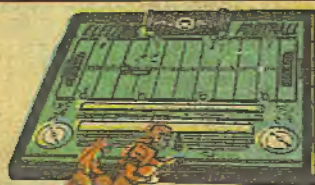
WITH HIS GREAT SHIELD SERVING EFFECTIVELY AS ARMOR, HE FIRES HIS WIREPOON ACROSS THE STREET —

WELL, HERE I GO!

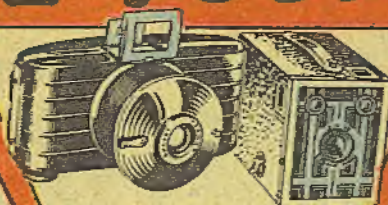




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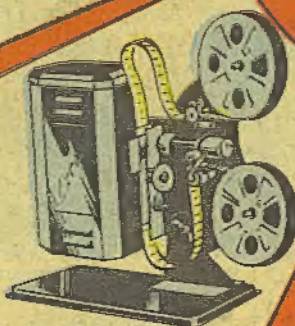


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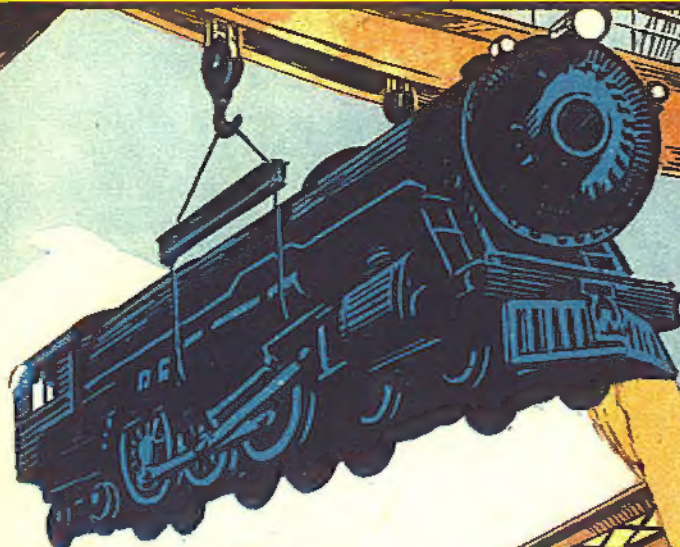
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